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PASSIONIST ALMANAC

MAY 1936

DATE		FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1	Fri.	SS. PHILIP AND JAMES, APP.	Rev. Fr. Fernando (Saavedra), C.P.—1922.
2	Sat.	St. Athanasius, B.C.D.	
3	**SUN.**	✠**FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS.**	
4	Mon.	St. Monica, W.	
5	Tues.	Octave of St. Paul of the Cross.	
6	Wed.	Octave of St. Joseph.	
7	Thurs.	St. Stanislaus, B.M.	
8	Fri.	Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.	
9	Sat.	St. Gregory Nazianzen, B.C.D.	Bro. Peter (O'Sullivan), C.P.—1908.
10	**SUN.**	✠**4th SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.**	Rev. Fr. Bernardine (Carosi), C.P.—1890. Rev. Fr. Fidelis (Doyle), C.P.—1920.
11	Mon.	Feria.	Bro. Alexander (Schezskowski), C.P.—1930.
12	Tues.	SS. Nereus and Companions, MM.	Rev. Fr. Matthew (Kelly), C.P.—1928.
13	Wed.	St. Robert Bellarmine, B.C.D.	✠Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Fallon, C.P.—1879.
14	Thurs.	Blessed Gemma Galgani, V.	Bro. Gabriel (Donnelly), C.P.—1935.
15	Fri.	St. John Baptist de la Salle, C.	Bro. Vincent (Leahy), C.P.—1894.
16	Sat.	St. Ubald, B.C.	Bro. Patrick (Casey), C.P.—1890. Conf. Paul Joseph (Monselle), C.P.—1891.
17	**SUN.**	✠**5th SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.**	
18	Mon.	Feria. (Rogation Day).	
19	Tues.	St. Peter Celestine, P.C.	
20	Wed.	St. Bernardine of Siena, C.	
21	Thurs.	✠**ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.** H.O.	
22	Fri.	2nd Day in Octave of Ascension.	
23	Sat.	3rd Day in Octave of Ascension.	Bro. Sylvester (Macklin), C.P.—1901.
24	**SUN.**	✠**SUNDAY IN OCTAVE OF ASCENSION**	
25	Mon.	St. Gregory VII, P.C.	
26	Tues.	St. Philip Neri, C.	
27	Wed.	St. Bede the Venerable, C.D.	Rev. Fr. Reginald (Magee), C.P.—1897.
28	Thurs.	Octave of Ascension.	Rev. Fr. Brendan (Ivory), C.P.—1890.
29	Fri.	St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, V.	Rev. Fr. Anthony (Carroll), C.P.—1904.
30	Sat.	Vigil of Pentecost, F.	Rev. Fr. John Baptist (Wooloughan), C.P.—1912.
31	**SUN.**	✠**PENTECOST SUNDAY.**	Rev. Fr. Hilarion (M'Elhone), C.P.—1884. Rev. Fr. Norbert (McGettigan), C.P.—1900.

ABBREVIATIONS : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. F.A.—Fast with Abstinence. F.—Fast day. Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor. M.—Martyr. P.—Pope. W.—Widow.

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PASSIONIST NOTES AND NEWS, QUESTION BOX, BOOK REVIEWS, GAELIC PAGE, GUILD OF ST. GABRIEL.

The Institution of the Blessed Eucharist

(Feast of Corpus Christi : June 11th)

From the famous painting " The Last Supper " by Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519) in the refectory of the Dominican Convent, Milan.

fashioning the shackles of soviet slavery for an ancient, free and Catholic country. The notorious Bela Kun, who as President of the Hungarian Soviet in Budapest in 1919, was directly responsible for the torture and death of hundreds of innocent citizens, has now taken up his residence in Spain. A band of Spanish youths, trained in soviet principles in the anti-God schools of Moscow, have returned to Spain to spread their blasphemous propaganda amongst the proletariat. And it is announced that the Spanish Premier will shortly pay a visit to Moscow. Doubtless he will be received with open arms, and duly instructed as to the course of action he must pursue on his return to Spain. The future is indeed fraught with peril.

* * * * *

International Catholic Radio Congress.

An event of considerable importance for the Catholic world is the Second International Catholic Radio Congress which will be held at Prague from May 4th—8th. Seven years have elapsed since the first Congress Congress was held at Munich in 1929, and in the interval, great strides have been made in the development and perfection of radio technique. Powerful new stations have been established, whose voices reach far beyond international frontiers, and which serve as a point of intimate contact between peoples of the most different and divergent ideals. Catholics on the Continent have not been slow to recognise the propaganda value of the radio, and have participated largely in its growth and development. At the Radio Congress, specially chosen speakers will deliver addresses upon various aspects of broadcasting. But the promoters hope to obtain more lasting results from the personal contact and interchange of views between delegates of different countries. Up to date, delegates from the following countries have promised to attend : Germany, Austria, Belgium, France, Italy, Holland, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Vatican City and the United States. It will be noticed that Ireland is *not* represented—and surely we are entitled to ask : Why ?

* * * * *

Radio and Catholic Action.

Other countries have given us a lead in this direction. Early this year, for example, a new Catholic Radio Station, with a power of 100 kilowatts, was inaugurated at Sao Paolo, Brazil. This station, which can be heard in every part of South America, has been named Radio-Anchista, in memory of the famous Jesuit missionary who founded the city of Sao Paolo. The Dutch Catholic Radio Organisation has been authorised by the Ministry of the Interior to conduct special short-wave transmissions for Asia, Africa and Central America. This new departure is the direct result of correspondence and appeals from Dutch exiles who complained that they could not receive programmes from their native land, and were forced to listen to Russian stations which continually poured forth a stream of Soviet propaganda. In Poland, a definite contract was concluded between the broadcasting authorities and the Hierarchy whereby the Polish Radio undertook to broadcast regularly the following Catholic items : (1) All stations—High Mass and sermon every Sunday and Holyday of Obligation ; (2) From Vilna—Divine Office and sermon from the Basilica of Ostra-Brama every first Saturday ; (3) From Lwow—a twenty-minutes' talk for the sick once a week ; (4) From Warsaw—a series of religious conferences, including missionary and apologetic lectures ; (5) From Katowice—Lenten sermons. The texts of the talks are submitted to the radio authorities, who also pay the fees—but the speakers are selected in advance by a commission appointed by the Hierarchy. In Venezuela, the Apostolic Nuncio spoke from Radio Caracas for the inauguration of the regular " Catholic Hour " programme. Dr. Kiernan is looking for suggestions for improving the Saorstát radio programmes. We make him a present of the above information and trust that it will bear fruit.

The Mighty Mind of Dante

JOHN J. M. RYAN, M.A.

"To read Dante is a duty; to re-read him is a need; to understand him is a pledge and principle of greatness." This vivid sketch of the great Florentine recalls the colourful pageantry of his times.

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321).
An authentic portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

FLORENCE of the Middle Ages may be compared to one of those Greek City States which cradled our European civilization. Entirely self-contained and independent as it was within very circumscribed territorial limits, the people of this queen-city of the Arno were as fiercely democratic, nurtured as intense a local patriotism, as ever the Athenians or Corinthians did in the days of their cities' prime. Their wealth and importance came from the same source—an abundance of trade; their very compactness caused the pent-up vitality of their citizens to issue forth in relentless factions, resulting in interminable strife between the nobles and the people, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. And, in signal proof of the principle that narrow limits are the breeding-ground of genius, Florence, in common with the earlier Greek cities, fostered men of mighty mind, many of them dowered too with the gift of soaring imagination.

All the fiery intensity, the ardent patriotism which characterised the people of Florence seems to have been epitomised in Dante, the city's most famous son. It is impossible to think of Dante as being content to do anything in a half-hearted way. All his important actions bear the stamp of earnestness and thoroughness; he brought the same strong determination to bear upon all his undertakings. From the moment when, a precocious youth of nine, he first beheld the eight-year-old Beatrice, his love for that "youngest of the angels" partook of idealism such as is almost without parallel even in the annals of chivalry. Before he ventured to compose a line of his masterpiece, he first studied patiently, meditated deeply and understood minutely, until he became one of the most learned men of his time, a myriad-minded savant whose breadth of intellect amazes us who read his works to-day. That vivid picture of the great Florentine called up by the legend which tells us of his total absorption in a

THE PALAZZO VECCHIO,
Florence.

book while the pomp and pageantry of an Italian carnival pressed round him and passed him by, is more significant, more character-revealing than many a two-volumed inquiry into the qualities of his mind and heart.

Yet it would be a great mistake to regard the poet of the *Divina Commedia* as a mere bookworm, or even as a highly successful student. There is not lacking evidence that he had all the healthy boy's light-hearted joy in life. He delighted in music and song, and his writings prove he had acquired a minute knowledge of falconry. He took a keen and active interest in the public life of his native city and served Florence with the full ardour of his being. He even took arms in her defence at Campaldino, nor was he ashamed to admit afterwards that on that occasion he "felt not a little frightened." Those were days, too, of tangled politics, when the Guelfs, supporters of the Pope's temporal power, warred incessantly with the Ghibellines, partisans of the German Emperor, and when the Guelf party itself was split into two factions, the Neri and the Bianchi. The "Blacks" were the nobles' party, and remained loyal to the Papal cause; the "Whites" were for the people and the Emperor, and numbered the young Dante among their most zealous followers.

But it was his reputation for learning and his administrative ability which led to his being elected Prior of his native city—the most distinguished office in the Republic—at the early age of thirty-five. Unfortunately for him, the rival factions in the city now opposed one another with even greater fierceness than usual, the Neri clamouring for Pope Boniface VIII and Charles of Valois as his representative, while his own party vehemently opposed them.

When his three months of office were at an end, Dante was sent as an envoy of the Bianchi to Rome to protest against Papal policy. In his absence his enemies obtained a decree of banishment against him, and in 1302 his long exile of twenty years began. Thenceforward return to Florence the fair, the home around which centred all the deepest feelings of his nature, was to be to him but a mirage in the desert of exile. For many a long year he was to look back on the city of his heart with the passionate longing of a mountaineer or islander for his native land. He was cut off, too, from the manifold joys of home life, for though later his sons and daughters joined him in his wandering, he

A GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE.
In the right background is the Cathedral.

was destined never to see his wife again.

Still smarting under the injustice of his banishment, Dante at first grasped eagerly at every chance, however slight, of regaining his citizenship of Florence. To this end he joined with his Bianchi fellow-exiles in a league with the Ghibellines to make war against the Republic. But wearying of the futility of their attempts, at Arezzo he turned aside and determined to plough a lonely furrow, "to form a party by himself," as he puts it in the *Paradiso*. Here we may take it that his real exile began. Donning the humble garb of a pilgrim, he traversed the roads of Italy on foot, restlessly proceeding on his lonely way,

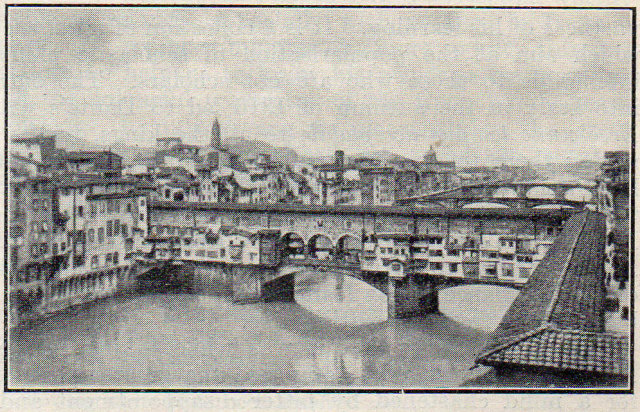
> "Arriving only to depart,
> From court to court, from land to land,
> Like flame within the naked hand
> His body bore his burning heart."

A STREET IN FLORENCE,
Where Dante often walked.

At times he was almost reduced to the necessity of having to beg for his food. The fact that he could call no home his own, that even where he was a welcome guest he was keenly conscious of being an exile, is borne in upon us by his frequent references to the hardness of his lot, for he speaks pathetically of having learned "how bitter is the bread of dependence and how steep the stranger's stairs."

It has been quite definitely established now that the *Divina Commedia* was begun in Florence before its author's banishment. But at a much earlier period he had written poetry of great worth. The lyrics of the *Vita Nuova* have for theme Dante's secret, mystical love for Beatrice, the dream-lady of his youth. In them we find charming and exquisite beauties coupled with intimate self-communings, from which we can divine the sensitiveness of Dante's soul, its poignant sense of abandonment and its deep and jealous refuge in memory. The soft, low strains of the *Vita Nuova* are as it were the first murmurs of that mighty ocean which is the *Divina Commedia*.

When, during a pause in his wandering, he stayed for some months in Bologna teaching in the great University there, he wrote his *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, an unfinished treatise on the merits of the various various Italian dialects. His aim was to discover one worthy of being the national literary language, but he searched in vain, for he was forced to conclude that there was none—that the one Italian language capable of

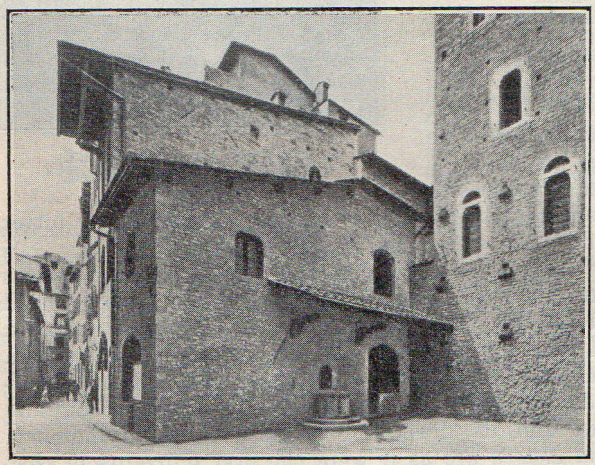


THE PONTE VECCHIO AND THE ARNO.
The bridge remains just as it was in Dante's time.

being used effectively by the poet was the general speech of all Italians, freed from the peculiarities of local dialects. It is not without strong foundation, then, that the claim is advanced for Dante that he moulded a national language by the very perfection of his style as evidenced in all his works, but especially in his masterpiece.

Expelled with the other Florentine exiles from Bologna, the poet now found his way to Lunigiana. It was while he was the guest of the lord of that district that the latter had sent to him from Florence the first seven cantos of the *Commedia* which had been discovered by the poet's wife in a strong-box she had had occasion to search. His host, recognising the outstanding merit of the poem and the greatness of the theme, " besought him not to leave so lofty a beginning without due conclusion." Dante replied that with all the troubles of his exile he had wholly abandoned his first ideal, but promised to proceed now with the work and, if it were possible, bring it to a fitting conclusion.

So we may think of the exile, attired in black pilgrim garb, his ink-horn and pen-case hanging from his leathern belt, noting on his ever-ready tablets some image or impression garnered from his daily experience. We may see him, too, transferring to the more enduring parchment bestowed on him by some kindly monk or hospitable feudal lord the poetry which had fashioned itself in his imagination as he journeyed, weary and abstracted, "from court to court, from land to land." Thus it was that, by slow and secret growth, by painful and intermittent labour, the poem which epitomises the Ages of Faith came into being.



THE HOUSE OF THE ALIGHIERI, FLORENCE,
Where Dante lived until his banishment.

That he did not devote his literary talent exclusively to the writing of the *Commedia* is proved by his having written several other works during the period of his exile. His *Convivio* or *Banquet* stands as a perpetual monument to the vastness of his learning. It is a collection of odes, accompanied by commentaries which aim at the popularisation of scholastic philosophy by making it more intelligible to those who are not scholars. The entry of Emperor Henry VII into Italy in the autumn of 1310 led to Dante's writing an impassioned letter *Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile* to all the kings, nobles and people of his country urging them to give their full support to Henry. It also led him to compose his *De Monarchia*, a treatise in which he seeks to prove that the only alternative to social confusion is that all should be ruled by one monarch—in the case of Italy by the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. But Henry was unsuccessful in his attempt to take Florence, and Dante's outspoken advocacy of his claims on the allegiance of the Italians only earned for him a further decree of perpetual banishment from his native city.

Tradition has it that it was while taking refuge in the Convent of Forte Avellana that the poet composed the greater part of the *Inferno*. Fit subject for a mind chastened by bitter disappointment and soured by sad disillusion was the descent into Hell and the witnessing of its manifold tortures and miseries.

What wonder if the proud poet could not refrain from depicting in vivid fashion the awful torments of his enemies in the City of Dis or the Well of the Giants? The very atmosphere of the *Inferno* is awesome and terrible. It is a land of gloom, of grim and savage landscapes, forests of gnarled trees, burning plains and valleys of desolation. Clouds of inky blackness are overhead, and from these jut forth flickering reddish lights and tongues of lurid flame. So strong and vivid was Dante's imagination that at times the poet himself, standing aside as it were from the creation of his brain, is appalled at the extremity of the sufferings he has depicted, and groans aloud at the foolishness and blindness of sin :—

> " O blind cupidity, O wrath insane,
> Which in the transient life impels us so,
> And in the eternal steeps us in such bane ! "

If the darkness which pervades the *Inferno* is in keeping with Dante's frame of mind following the extinction of his hopes, the milder shades of the *Purgatorio* coincide with the awakening of his interest in the career of Can Grande, in whom he saw a possible future deliverer of Italy. It was while enjoying his hero's hospitality in Ravenna that he completed that work which he confessed had " made him lean these many years," and it was to Can Grande that he dedicated his masterpiece in a letter which he addressed to him by way of explaining the underlying allegory. The repose of Ravenna conduced well to the successful writing of that most sublime portion of this threefold vision of the Afterlife—the *Paradiso.* It is a noteworthy fact that, while the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* abound in descriptions which leave vivid impressions on the memory, the poet's account of the regions of bliss is rather lacking in picturesque details. Instead there is created an effect like that of marvellous melody and the splendour of dazzling beauty.

The wandering poet, true " pilgrim of eternity," was recognised as worthy of all honour even during his life. A fellow-poet, del Virgilio, invited him to come to Bologna to receive the laurel crown in that city. It says much for the indomitable spirit of the man that, in spite of the harsh treatment meted out to him by his fellow-citizens, he refused to be crowned anywhere but in Florence. This wish was destined never to be fulfilled, however, for when only fifty-six he died, still in exile, at Ravenna.

" To read Dante," declares Tomasséo, " is a duty ; to re-read him is a need ; to understand him is a pledge and principle of greatness." Though the sublimity of his theme, the power of his imagination and the comprehensiveness of his view of life entitle him to be considered in the very first flight of poets, and worthy the study of serious minds, his popularity, especially with us here in Ireland, is not all that one would expect. No writer stimulates one more to lofty thinking and deep feeling. Not only does he help us to know his own age by revealing a mighty past, adorned in all the colourful pageantry of the time, but he leads us into realms of wider knowledge, by introducing us pleasantly to the great philosophical system of the Middle Ages, on which all his works are based.

Young people could not fail to benefit by an acquaintance with Dante. Would it not be possible to include a short life of the poet and some outstanding passages from his works in the senior school-books ?

For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our readers are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received :—

J. McD. (Co. Longford), 5/- ; T.M. (Belfast), 2/6 ; " Client of Gemma " (Dublin), 2/6.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross,* Mount Argus, Dublin.

In a Convent Garden

MOTHER M. ST. THOMAS

Her eyes were arrested by a sight that held her spellbound, for there was Bernadette in person just as represented in her picture. Suddenly Mother Catherine realised that she was cured!

IT was an ideal convent garden, and Mother Catherine, who had been head gardener for many years, knew every inch of it and loved it with an affection that was almost maternal, so tenderly did she foster it. And the corner she loved best of all was where stood a small replica of the great grotto of Lourdes. Morning and evening her first and last glance rested on the statue which happily she was able to see from the window of her cell.

Now, since an injury had befallen her right knee, Mother Catherine could only carry on her work indirectly, and the Community being small and duties many, the only help she had to depend upon was that afforded her during a part of each day by a young lay postulant who, though town-bred, was yet possessed of strong arms in addition to much good-will.

This child, simple to a fault, and seldom referred to by any other name than that of "the little postulant," was certainly trying in both senses of the word, and often put her "official's" patience to a severe test.

Could Mother Catherine ever forget what had been her feelings when, arrived in the refectory on the eve of her feast-day, she had found her place at table adorned with a bower of peach blossoms. There was but one peach tree in the garden, and the fruit was always destined as a delicate offering to the Bishop's invalid sister. This year must be an unfortunate exception.

Of course the little postulant was the delinquent. She had been quick to note the blank dismay written large on Mother Catherine's face, and had needed no "observation" to bring her mistake home to her.

"O Mother, I'm sorry!" she said, tearfully. "I had permission to gather the best posy I could. It wouldn't have been a surprise if I'd asked you direct. The blossom looked so lovely and I hadn't thought of there being no peaches now."

What could Mother Catherine do but console the child and commend her good intentions!

And now even this inadequate but well-intentioned aid must presently be foregone.

"We—Mother Mistress and I—have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the little postulant is not for us," the Prioress had told Mother Catherine. "Her year's postulancy has already been prolonged with the idea of giving her every chance. It really seems hopeless making a further attempt to do anything with her. You remember how she stripped the peach tree of its blossom for your feast-day last month, and her other gaucheries, not to mention the numberless things she has dropped and broken, are almost incalculable" . . . .

Meanwhile, Mother Catherine's knee had been growing from bad to worse, and the injury threatened to become chronic. She who so often had had cause to recall St. Benedict's admonition as to bearing with another's infirmities whether of body or mind, had now in addition to bear with her own infirmity, and others had to bear with it, too. She was painfully sensitive on this latter point. Her independent spirit chafed against the humiliation of being waited upon and of being unable to lift or carry for herself. She could not so much as stoop to pick a flower. Nor—and this was a far greater privation—could she any longer genuflect with the rest of the Community nor kneel in her stall, and this necessitated her entering choir either before or after the procession and in having a place apart. She who had been such a stickler for the good observance of the

rule and customs had now furthermore to take her meals in the infirmary and to be the object of many minor dispensations.

Perhaps she had hitherto subconsciously prided herself on her regularity in following the common life, and she told herself in bitter self-reproach, that these restrictions had been brought upon her in well-merited punishment.

The question presented itself whether one vowed to a life of penance and reparation might justly pray for her cure or whether she ought to confine herself to praying for patience and resignation in her trial.

A solution to this question was providentially vouchsafed her.

One evening when she was in her cell preparing her meditation for the following day, a picture of St. Bernadette fell out of the book she was using. A sudden inspiration flashed across her mind. She would place her cause altogether in the hands of Our Lady's little confidante, who would know exactly how and what to ask.

No sooner had she put her inspiration into practice and thus unburdened her soul of its scruples than an extraordinary sense of peace and well-being took possession of her, a peace which even the racket of a stormy night was powerless to dispel.

The wind had died down when morning dawned. Mother Catherine rose at the first reveille, and dressed herself with difficulty. Before going down to the chapel her first glance was as usual directed towards the grotto. She had forgotten all about her prayer to Bernadette on the previous evening.

Now her eyes were arrested by a sight which held her spellbound, for there was Bernadette in person, just as represented in her picture—the coloured kerchief over her head, the faggot she had removed from her apron lying on the ground beside her, and her hands, clasped round her rosary, raised in fervent ecstatic supplication to the Immaculate Virgin.

The one watching from the window followed her every motion with intensest interest. Bernadette had risen from her kneeling posture, had plucked a flower and, after pressing a kiss upon it, had laid it at Our Lady's feet. Then, having turned her head for a moment towards that special window as if to make assurance doubly sure for whom her fervent supplication had been made, the little *voyante* gathered up her apronful of sticks and suddenly disappeared from view.

Mother Catherine, who had instinctively fallen on her knees by the window-sill, oblivious of the disabilities which had previously crippled her, now rose without difficulty. For long weeks past that dreadful stiffness in her knee had prevented her from so doing. She realised the fact that she was cured. Her faith had not been misplaced. The result gave overwhelming proof that she had been the victim of no delusion.

The bell was ringing for the Office that preceded Mass and the vision was still strong upon her when she made her genuflexion before the altar and took her place in her stall. She was too lost in wonder and joy to concern herself as to whether or no her entrace into choir under these new conditions had been observed by the rest of the Community.

Never had she followed the Mass or made her Holy Communion and thanksgiving with more fervour.

She must lose no time in informing the Mother Prioress of the marvellous grace accorded through St. Bernadette's intercession, but her first duty—if that were not too cold a word to express her glowing emotion—was to pour out her heart in gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes.

Without staying to break her fast, she hastened out into the garden, fragrant with the scent of lilac and gillyflowers, and strewn with the twigs blown down by the storm. The sun was shining, the world was fresh and fair and she experienced a new-born sense of joy in being alive. No longer had she any need of the

Blessed Gemma Galgani

THE BEATIFICATION PICTURE SHOWN IN ST. PETER'S IN MAY, 1933.

The Feast of Blessed Gemma Galgani is celebrated on May 14th.

walking-stick which she had carried of late to support her steps. She would soon be bending over her beloved flower-borders, independent of another's aid.

The pansies were smiling a whimsical welcome as she passed along. Perhaps they were gratified that one had been chosen from their humble ranks to be placed in homage at the feet of the Queen of Paradise, for on gaining the grotto, Mother Catherine saw it was a pansy that Bernadette had plucked. She hoped she might be forgiven for taking possession of this favoured flower to keep as a souvenir, almost as a relic. She could not leave it to be carried away by the wind, which after the temporary lull, had risen with fresh impetuosity. She had to clutch her veil tightly with both hands to prevent a sudden gust from blowing it over her face and blocking out her view, when she turned to see whose footsteps were crunching the gravel behind her.

They were those of the little postulant in a pair of sabots a size too large for her. The child had adopted a simpler expedient for coping with the wind. She had thrown a check duster over her head and tied it securely under her chin, thus leaving her hands free to continue her task of clearing the path of the wind-strewn twigs.

The little postulant made her shy smiling obeisance.

" Benedicite ! " she murmured, in accordance with the time-honoured custom on first meeting one's official in the morning.

" Dieu ! " responded Mother Catherine.

It sounded more like an ejaculation of disillusioned surprise than a response to a request for a blessing.

Her vision had materialised past all belief.

" What were you doing out here so early this morning ? " she demanded, the ascendancy of the reaction giving a sharp tone to her voice.

" Gathering some dry sticks to light the laundry fire, Mother."

" And you were praying for me ! "

The remark was not put as a question, but as the simple statement of a fact too evident to need an answer.

" It seemed so sad," the little postulant stammered out, deprecatingly, almost as if she were being accused of an impertinence.

" So you forgot to pray for yourself. Don't you know . . . . "

" Yes, that I'm a little good-for-nothing, always forgetting and breaking things. O Mother, won't you pray for me that I'll not have to be sent away ! "

" Of course I will, but you mustn't cry, child. We'll both pray, and I'll try to do more than that."

Then, fearing that her assertion savoured of unorthodoxy in seeming to imply that she placed her own efforts before the efficacy of prayer, she made haste to add :

" St. Thomas More used to say : ' The things we pray for, good God, give us the grace to labour for.' So we must do both. Now we'll go together to Reverend Mother and ask her to give you another trial. And we must tell her how Our Lady has answered your prayer. Whatever should I do without my little aid, who has done so much for me ! "

At her Clothing, which took place at the earliest possible date, the little postulant took the name of Sister Mary Bernadette.

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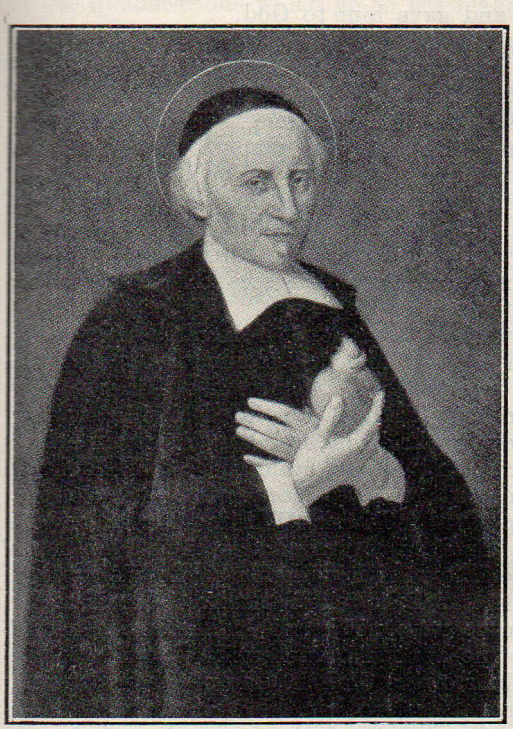
All the promoters and supporters of this Magazine participate in the benefits of 434 Masses specially offered every year for benefactors, by the Passionist Fathers, as well as in the prayers and good works performed daily by all members of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion.

Saint John Eudes

REV. FATHER HERBERT, C.P.

Justly termed "the prodigy of his age," St. John Eudes is best known as the Founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart and of the Order of the Good Shepherd. But this represents only a small portion of his work for God and souls.



ST. JOHN EUDES,
(1601-1680).

NORMANDY, one of the ancient provinces of Gaul, has many claims to interest the traveller who wanders amid the sylvan scenes and historic places in this fair district of *la belle France*. On its fertile fields, where now flourish fruits in abundance, many famous battles were fought, and through the cobbled streets of its ancient towns the tramp of warring hosts resounded for centuries. From its shores William the Conqueror set sail to subdue the Saxon people and bring England under Norman rule. His success, won at the Battle of Hastings, had much to do with the subsequent history of the Middle Ages, for many European nations were involved in the long strife between England and France for the possession of the duchy.

In a thousand years there have been few changes in Normandy—traditions, customs, dress, and *patois* have been faithfully and jealously preserved. St. Ouen had already built his cathedral in Rouen; Rollo the Scandinavian pirate with his rough Northmen had plundered and pillaged Lisieux; Caen was a well-established city; later, in the year 1030, it became the royal residence of Henry I of England. These three old Norman towns still possess a quaint attraction for the lovers of things medieval, but each holds a new glory in whose radiance all the splendour of antiquity grows dim.

The power of English aggression was destroyed for ever by the Maid of Orleans, when, from the ramparts of Rouen, her brave spirit went up through the red mists of fire that consumed her virginal body. Though not a daughter of Normandy, Joan of Arc is claimed by Rouen for its own. Lisieux, save to the student, was unheard of but ten years since; now through the "Little Flower" its fame is world-wide. A few miles distant from the earthly shrine of this saintly Norman child is Caen, hallowed by the life and labours of St. John Eudes. Whilst, therefore, the new St. Teresa is honoured and loved, it is only fitting that he, whose name in the same month of the same year was written with hers on the scroll of sanctity, should also be known and reverenced.

John Eudes was born at Ri, near Agentan, on November 14, 1601. His parents, Isaac Eudes and Martha Corbin, were sturdy Normans. For some years after their marriage they were childless. To obtain from God fruit from their union they journeyed to the famous shrine in the Chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, where they promised by vow, if the favour was granted to them, to devote their child to the service of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

The early years of John Eudes were not marked by any precocities or prodigies. At the age of fourteen he began his classical studies in the Jesuit school at Caen, where he showed signs of a priestly vocation. His parents, unmindful of their vow, had planned for him a worldly career, but such was his quiet insistence that they were true to their promise and gave him to God.

He entered the college of the Society of the French Oratory—a congregation of secular priests devoted to apostolic missions—and, having finished his clerical studies, he was ordained to the priesthood in Paris, on December 20, 1625. On Christmas Day he celebrated Holy Mass for the first time, with extraordinary devotion, which he had enkindled during the five days of preparation and prayer. It can be said without qualification that the ardent fire of love which burned in the heart of the young priest on his first Mass morning for the Divine Victim immolated on the altar, remained at white heat through the fifty-five years of his ministry. " To say Mass worthily " he often said in after years, " would require three eternities : the first to prepare oneself, the second to celebrate it, and the third to give thanks for a favour so great."

From this inexhaustible fountain of grace and mercy John Eudes drew the waters of wisdom and strength which enabled him to sustain trials under the weight of which another would have been crushed. For scarcely had the year of 1626 dawned, before a severe and grievous sickness prostrated him. Recovery from the illness was slow and, after weary weeks of intense pain, his bodily health was so impaired that his ambition to tread in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd, in the active work of saving souls, seemed to have been born only to die. Without murmur, however, he accepted the Divine Will manifested in the command of his superiors and set out for Caen to pray and study in the house of the Oratory situated in that dear old town rich with his boyhood's dreams.

Sanctity and laziness are as opposed as light and darkness. Therefore by John Eudes the months of convalescence were not spent in idleness. Instead of brooding vainly on frustrated hopes he applied himself with diligence to the study of Sacred Scripture and the Fathers of the Church. He was thus enabled, through the inscrutable designs of Providence, to lay the solid foundation on which was built one of the greatest structures of effective and enduring missionary labours ever witnessed by men. In the quiet Norman town besides an increase of holiness and learning there came to the invalid healing and strength.

But he was not yet called upon to begin his wonderful apostolate. Round about his native place, near and in Argentan, the dread plague had settled. Without any hesitancy and not counting the cost, John Eudes sought permission of his superiors to bring the consolations of religion to the stricken area. The request was granted, somewhat reluctantly it is true, as it was doubted by some if a constitution so recently weakened by disease were sufficiently robust to bear the burden of such heroic charity and laborious ministry.

Bravely he faced the imminent danger of death from the dread contagion and separated himself from his brethren. For weeks, assisted by so devoted a companion as Père Laurent, he attended to the wants of the sufferers, not only of the soul but also of the body. " We used to say Mass, and then I used to put the Hosts I had consecrated in a little tin box which I hung round my neck. Then we went now into one parish, now into another, seeking out the sick, whom we confessed, and to whom I then gave the Blessed Sacrament." This is his own modest record of those nerve-racking and dangerous days.

A few months subsequently the plague spread to Caen, and here again we find John Eudes as an apostle of charity, becoming the servant of all, and, lest he might carry infection to any, content to sleep huddled in a cask. Worn out by fatigue and weak from hunger, he fell a victim to fever, and for days his life hung by a thread. But God had much more for His servant to accomplish for His honour and glory in this world before He would crown him with life eternal.

John Eudes as a missioner was, to use a homely expression, a marvel. Never, his biographer tells us, since the days of St. Vincent Ferrer did any missionary attract such vast crowds. At one place 40,000 persons gathered to hear him, and his words were clearly understood by all. He possessed in a marked degree all the qualifications which go to the making of the true apostle of Christ. His learning was profound ; his knowledge of the Scriptures far-reaching ; his zeal indefatigable ; his courage indomitable ; his way winning ; and his heart tender and compassionate.

The missions took him far afield through the dioceses of Bayeux, Coutances, and St. Malo ; even to Paris he was often called to preach on special occasions, and his fearless utterances often found favour where least expected. At St. Germain des Près, when Anne of Austria listened to one of his sermons, he conjured her in straightforward and open words to be faithful to her duties, and he condemned in vehement fashion the abuse then prevalent of conferring benefices upon unworthy clerics. " That is the way to preach," said the Queen to her courtiers, " they who flatter, deceive us ; they should tell us plainly the truths which concern us." The mental and physical exhaustion occasioned by the incessant preaching and by the long weary hours in the confessional, must have been extreme. Yet he was simply tireless, for his missions often extended over uninterrupted periods of six months. He was a missioner, too, until the end of his life ; and we find him in his seventy-fifth year preaching at St. Lo with the same eloquence and zeal that he showed in the town thirty-four years previously.

His success was phenomenal, but in the early years it was also in a sense ephemeral. The work was well done, but it suffered from the lack of a lasting effect. This naturally was a source of keen sorrow and holy disappointment to the zealous spirit of Father Eudes ; but, recognizing as he did the cause of the evil, he determined with God's help to remove it. When the red lamp of war sends forth its lurid glare the light of piety and learning soon flickers and fails. During the sixteenth century dreadful civil and religious strife prevailed in France, where Catholic and Huguenot fought the feud begun by the rebellion of Luther and Calvin. Priests as well as people were now reaping the harvest of ignorance and indolence sown by the seeder of the sword. So John Eudes would regenerate the priesthood of France. The Congregation of the Oratory, to which he belonged, had for its chief object and aim the education and spiritual training of the clergy. Consequently there would be little difficulty, he thought, in starting his great design of purifying the sons of Levi and refining them as gold and silver. But to his surprise and wonder, when he broached the matter to his superiors, he was met with a curt and peremptory refusal. A Jansenistic spirit had gradually wormed its way into the heart of the Oratory, and John Eudes saw with sadness that a great crisis, involving the sacrifice of much he held most dear, loomed up before him. He must leave the Oratory. This entailed separation from friends whom he loved, with whom he had worked on the mission field, with whom he had lived so happily—but God's way must ever win whatever the cost in personal sacrifice may be !

Cardinal Richelieu summoned Father Eudes to Paris to consult him regarding the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline, and, having heard the views and ambitions of the pious missioner, granted him letters patent to establish the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. Without delay the holy founder began his

task, and at Caen on the 25th day of March, 1643, the Eudist society, formed on the plan of the Oratory, had its beginning. The chief object of the new Congregation was the foundation of seminaries for the training of priests and for the purpose of annual retreats for the secular clergy. Six of these abodes of holiness, one of which was at Lisieux, were built in the lifetime of the founder. They were placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Pure Heart of Mary, and Father Eudes composed the Mass and Office proper to these two feasts first celebrated by his Society ; for this reason Pope Leo XIII conferred upon him in the year 1903 the signal title : " Author of the Liturgical Worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Holy Heart of Mary."

He was, therefore, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, and when God desired that the world should be consecrated to this Adorable Heart it was to Mother Mary of the Divine Heart, a sister of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, that He entrusted His compelling revelation of love.

Mention of the Order of the Good Shepherd brings to mind one of the greatest achievements of John Eudes. He saw the Divine Lover of men in the gentle form of the Good Shepherd seeking the stray and wayward sheep ; he saw the tired, weary Feet bathed with the tears of a Magdalen. And in his own day too, he met these wanderers from the fold of the Good Shepherd—poor children of circumstance, betrayed, despised and rejected. He would build for them havens of refuge and of rest into which the wolf of sin would find no entry. But this work of the saving of the lost sheep required the tender touch, the gentle voice of woman. From the heart of John Eudes burning with the ardent love of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary was born the Order of the Good Shepherd. The contradictions and calumnies that bestrewed like thorns the path of the founder, the trials and triumphs of the great Order itself, must be a story for another and longer day, but it may be said that no religious founder bears in his crown of glory a pearl of greater price than the Order of the Good Shepherd, which shines like a star in the diadem of St. John Eudes.

Full of years and the graces of a life spent in the perfect fulfilment of his parents' vow—the service of Jesus and Mary—this man of heroic virtue, whom M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians, justly termed " the prodigy of his age," rendered up his soul to God on August 19th in the year 1680. He was declared Venerable by Pope Leo XIII in 1903, and was beatified by Pope Pius X in 1909. The solemn ceremony of his canonization took place in May, 1925, when our present Holy Father raised him to the honours of the altar.

May Memories

When e'er I kneel before thy shrine
O, Mary Queen of May
A tender memory is mine
Of glad hours passed away.
I see a face I used to know
Upturned to Thine so mild
On calm May evenings long ago
When I was but a child.

O, Mother of my God, 'twas deep—
My mother's love for Thee,
And shrined within my heart I keep
Her fadeless memory
And kneeling now in twilight glow
My prayers to Thee arise
That Thou wouldst pray her heart may know
The bliss of Paradise.

'Twas many a year ago, and I
Have laboured many a hill
But here's a thought will never die
No time can ever kill—
A face upturned to Thine so sweet
All lit with love and truth
A floweret fair that blossomed
In the greenwood of my youth.

OWEN J. DULLAGHAN.

The Greater Joy

BRIGID M. BRYSON

But even in her great content the thought came swiftly to her—a little cold wind sweeping across her heart—that happy though she would be, there would still be something missing — the greater joy

MARY COLMCILLE MacDONAGH sat before her mirror and leisurely brushed out the waves of her shining red-gold hair. It was, of all days, the morning of her fortieth birthday and, she reflected ruefully, she had left her girlhood behind her forever; time for her now, she supposed, to climb on the shelf and devote the remaining years of her life to the business of "making her soul" . . . . She smiled to herself at the quaint old-fashioned phrase. Once upon a time it would have, more or less, filled her with awe; suggested, that was to say, cold weary nights of vigil, of endless mortification and penitence and prayer. With the prospect, sooner or later, of a long and lonesome journey, a Journey which one simply could not manage to evade. . . . But that was when she had been very young and exceedingly impressionable, and still under the influence of the well-meaning spinster aunt who, prim, proper, forbidding, had been, as far as she could remember, the one grim shadow on an otherwise sunny childhood.

Poor Aunt Sophie, she realised now, had considered it her bounden duty to reprimand and repress the high-spirited band of growing nieces and nephews. Clearly, in her opinion, her sister was far too indulgent, while her brother-in-law had little sense where his children were concerned; consequently, it behoved her to try to rule with a rod of iron as she, herself, had been ruled in the "sixties" long ago. The bigger boys and girls had not taken her very seriously, but the youngest, Mary Colmcille, had been mightily impressed. And had been, outwardly, a model of decorum—as far, anyway, as was possible for a nervous, highly-strung child. Dumbly, however, the little girl had resented the stern, staid spinster who was terrorising her youth, and whom she was growing almost passionately to dislike.

But gradually, as she grew older and wiser, this tall and angular woman—severe in looks as in manner, and most unbecomingly dressed—inspired her with a vague and kindly compassion; particularly since the evening she had heard her mother refer to the "disappointment" which, it seemed, "had soured poor Sophie terribly." She had, it appeared, been "jilted"—whatever that might mean. And, of course, one had to overlook a lot and be very patient—when one remembered all that "the poor soul" must have gone through. . . . Wide-eyed, curious, the child had contrived to take in every word; had gone over it all in her mind as she sat by the glowing turf fire, with her book on her knee in which she was supposed to have been absorbed. Thenceforward, she had really striven to understand; to make allowances as far as she possibly could.

Childhood and early girlhood had almost imperceptibly passed with Mary Colmcille turning out surprisingly brilliant at school. Later, she managed to secure and keep a fine position, and had climbed the highest rung of the ladder of her success.

Success is success, but it does not charm sorrow away, and Mary Colmcille had more than once been hastily summoned home, and Mary Colmcille had wept beside a new-made grave. First, her father had died while she was still in her early twenties—sharply she remembered the shock of it and the pain; ten years later her mother had followed him and, last of all, Aunt Sophie had stolen away to her rest.

The old home had been changed since then, almost beyond recognition; considerably enlarged and kept always in good repair. The eldest brother, who had inherited the place, was far more ambitious than ever his father had been. Also, his wife had " come into " a tidy little fortune, over and above the dowry which she had brought. She and her grown-up girls had decided tastes of their own, lavishly expressed in every room in the house. Mary Colmcille wasn't at all sure that she liked the general effect. But then, she consoled herself, with a sigh and a mental shrug, there was always her own little flat in town to decorate as she pleased.

Artistic to the finger-tips, she had made it extremely attractive, with its flowered chintzes, its polished floors, its dim old Persian rugs. Not to speak of its fresh and daintily-laundered curtains, its few good prints, its bowls of fragrant blossoms. Green or brown the bowls were, ornamented with Celtic scroll-work, the designing and executing of which was one of her many hobbies.

At the moment she wanted everything to look as charming as possible, since young Therese O'Donnell was coming to pay her a visit. Therese, her favourite niece and her sister's only daughter, was not quite twenty and already engaged to be married. Which may have been one of the reasons why Mary Colmcille now was thinking that, despite her youthful appearance, the best of her days were over.

Critically she examined her reflection in the glass, wondering how soon it would be before the wrinkles appeared. Her skin—the fair and flawless skin that goes with red-gold hair—was rose-flushed and delicate as that of a very young girl. Her eyes sparkled bewitchingly and her carriage, she knew, was perfect. She looked, and despite her forty years, still felt amazingly young. . . . But then, she supposed, it could not possibly last.

Whatever befell, she reminded herself, she had certainly had her day. Her share of the world's successes and a fair good measure of happiness. Congenial work always, good friends and pleasant acquaintances, delightful holidays abroad and a cosy home-nest of her own. She had wondered once if she had not, by any chance, a religious vocation like her eldest sister, who had " entered " early in life. Occasionally she had been conscious of a faint, wistful pang of envy whenever she had visited the latter in her convent. Nevertheless, she had soon dismissed the idea as absurd, though she could not have analysed her reasons for thinking it so. . . . Nor had the thought of marriage ever seriously entered her head. She had valued her independence, even prized it dearly.

Possibly, she told herself, she had missed life's dearer gifts. But one could not have everything, and she had had such a lot. And, in any case, she supposed, it should not matter to her now. Joking apart, it was time for her to settle herself on her " shelf." And, maybe, in the intervals of " making her soul " and the like, she could observe the progress of events sympathetically therefrom.

Anyway, little Therese would be due in half an hour, and Mary Colmcille had taken the whole day off. And had planned, if her niece was so disposed, to spend most of it in town. Meditatively, then, she coiled and arranged her magnificent hair and slipped into her smartest and most becoming frock. Her outdoor coat was beautifully cut and of a rich, dull blue; her scarf was pinned artistically with a jewelled, bronze Irish brooch, while her jaunty yet dignified little hat displayed the wonder of her hair.

More than one admiring glance was thrown in her direction—of which, as it happened, she was superbly unaware—as later she paced the platform awaiting her niece's train. And then it steamed in and Therese leaped laughingly from her coach and, breathless and fragrant, enfolded her in an embrace.

" Mary Colmcille, darling, how on earth do you do it? " were, oddly enough, she thought, the girl's first words of greeting.

" You look so young and lovely," she continued, " and so striking. I declare

I shall never call you ' Auntie ' any more. You know, my dearest dear, it would be simply *too* absurd."

Mary Colmcille flushed faintly as she laughed, not at all ill-pleased.

" But, child, I am forty," she protested, just the same.

Descending the steps to the busy street, she proposed her birthday plan. They would lunch, first of all, at a new and exceedingly lively restaurant, and, afterwards, attend a matinee at the Gaiety Theatre. If Therese, that was to say, was sure she would really enjoy " Madame Butterfly."

Therese assured her that she would simply be delighted. She had not been to an opera since she had left her job in Paris and, besides, she admired the setting of this particular one. The Japanese garden, with the evening closing in, the flower-decked interior, the quaint Oriental costumes. Not to speak of the exquisite and beautifully-managed effects of light and shade.

" And after the opera ? " she asked, when at last they were seated at luncheon. " Because," she added shyly, " my *fiance* has asked us to tea. He didn't know our plans, of course, but he said he'd come up on chance. So if you don't mind—

Her aunt did not mind at all and said so at once. She was looking forward, indeed, she teased, to seeing the beloved.

" You met him in Paris, didn't you ? " she queried more seriously. " And isn't he rather famous as a surgeon over there ? "

Therese nodded assent, but did not enter into details. But Mary Colmcille, she declared, would simply adore her Hugh. She rather adored him, herself, when all was said and done—despite the fact that he was frightfully old. He must, she supposed, be wearing up to fifty. But he was such a perfect darling that one did not really mind.

They left the restaurant and leisurely walked up Grafton Street. Therese appeared to be charmed with everything she saw. She was, her aunt, decided, a real child, after all.

Again, at the opera, she sat like one entranced, carried away by the music and the colourful, tragic story. She followed Mary Colmcille out, at the end, like one in a dream.

" Where are we to meet him ? " the latter demanded, and Therese, still a little dazed, murmured the name of a café.

She came back to earth, however, as they passed through the swinging doors, and laughingly introduced a grave and grey-haired man.

" This is Hugh the Conqueror," she said, with a roguish glance, and Mary Colmcille's hand was imprisoned in a firm and cordial grip.

She looked into a pair of clear and kindly eyes, and instantly and wholly approved her niece's choice. She liked his courtly manner that was shy, too, in a way ; she liked his sincerity, his broad outlook on life. He talked exceedingly well, forgetting himself in his subject and, more than once, engaged her in animated discussion.

Therese sat smilingly listening to the music of the orchestra, occasionally breaking into the conversation with irrelevant remarks. Clearly, she was proud of her distinguished *fiance*, and flattered that a man of his age and standing should want to marry her. But whether she really cared for him Mary Colmcille could not say. They had met, she gathered, in a *salon* in Paris—in the very house, as it happened, where Therese had been governess. The brilliantly clever surgeon had been the lion of the evening and the girl's young heart had been thrilled with pride when she learned that he, too, was a Gael. Introduced, he had taken to her from the first, and before long, had declared his intentions. He hadn't, it seemed, been in Ireland for nearly seven years, and it was long since he had spoken to a genuine Irish *cailin*. The girl's young, unspoiled freshness, no doubt, had swept him off his feet. Mary Colmcille found herself vaguely pitying Hugh.

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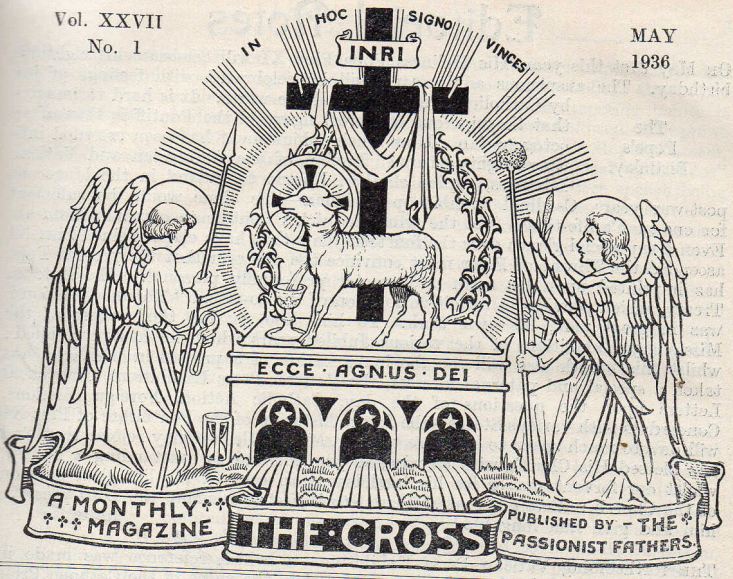

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Our Twenty-Seventh Volume

With this issue of THE CROSS, we commence our Twenty-seventh Volume, and it is no small matter for congratulation that for more than twenty-six years our periodical has ceaselessly proclaimed those messages of Catholic Truth and Catholic Action which it was founded to propagate. For this, thanks is due in the first place to those many distinguished Passionists who have in past years occupied the editorial chair of THE CROSS. To writers and contributors in many lands, to zealous promoters and devoted subscribers, to advertisers whose valued patronage is of such vast assistance, to readers in every quarter of the globe THE CROSS sends forth a message of gratitude and an expression of deep appreciation.

Our new volume will prove not less attractive than its predecessors. As regards its contents, we are reminded of an amusing anecdote from an American novel, quoted in the *Dublin Review*. "The first business of a journal is to instruct its readers" said a rather pompous young man to the Editor. "You're wrong" cried the Editor, "its first business is to get itself read." In that we flatter ourselves we have succeeded, for we have abundant evidence that THE CROSS is anxiously awaited each month and is read from cover to cover.

For the rest, we shall but remark that all the popular features of previous volumes will be found in the volume just commencing—whilst we have in preparation further improvements in matter and make-up. But for the present these are editorial secrets—not to be divulged.

Fr. Edmund, C.P.

With a sudden mental jerk, she pulled herself together. Actually, she told herself sharply, she appeared to be growing what one could only call "catty." Like somebody who was jealous of her little niece's luck. Besides, this pity was a dangerous thing at best. Akin, as all too often, it became to something else.

She grew still more impatient with herself as the days passed and the loveliness of the young girl's nature revealed itself in full. Under all the gaiety and apparent frivolity, there were, Mary Colmcille slowly perceived, unexpected depths. Now and again, she seemed to glimpse some rare, spiritual quality, some indefinable beauty which she could not analyse. And Therese, she discovered, too, was intensely religious, far more so, indeed, than she, herself, had ever been. She would not miss Mass or Holy Communion for the world, however fatigued the festivities of the previous night might have left her. . . . She was being well entertained by her aunt's circle of friends, and Hugh, as her *fiance,* was included in the invitations.

Mary Colmcille thought of him now as a true and splendid comrade; was glad that he seemed to find real pleasure in her society.

One night they were sauntering home together from a *ceilidhe,* with Therese laughing and talking in front with a gay, young medical student. They strolled along for a while in the pleasant silence of real comradeship, enjoying the beauty of the world under its starry skies. Until Hugh began to speak in a queer, husky voice.

"Dear, I shouldn't say it, but it's you has my heart's love."

A wave of great joy swept across her soul, joy of which she was instantly ashamed.

"But, Hugh," she reminded him, "you must think of Therese."

"I know," he responded moodily, "and, believe me, I am trying to do so. But Therese is just a charming child, and you are—"

"A middle-aged woman." She laughed a little shakily, with the tears very near her eyes. "Hugh, dear, don't you know I am forty?"

He strode forward impatiently.

"I thought of you as Helen and I thought of you as Maeve, with your slender, queenly grace, and your crown of red-gold hair. But I like best to think of you just as my comrade, and we two, together, working in Paris."

Mary Colmcille listened in silence, amazed and oddly touched. But knowing how little hope there was that his dream would be realised, she forced herself, with quiet dignity, to reply:

"I am afraid it is entirely out of the question."

"Yes, I'm afraid it is," he sadly acquiesced, "and maybe, I did wrong to name it to you at all. But, somehow, Mary Colmcille, I've been wanting you to know."

At that she faced him serenely, even smiling a little.

"And I," she told him serenely, "am very glad that I do."

Impossible to explain, she knew, the joy which the knowledge had given her, the queer joy that had in it so much of pain and grief. Always she would remember that walk in the starlit night.

Therese, her aunt became aware, was in an unusual mood; she laughed and chattered feverishly, moving restlessly around. Mary Colmcille watched her closely, puzzled and vaguely annoyed. Until, with a queer little laugh, she announced that she was going to bed. Whereupon, Mary Colmcille decided to follow her example.

Tossing on her pillow in the early hours of the morning, her quick ear caught the sound of stifled sobbing. She slipped out of bed and donned her dressing-gown and slippers. Then she tip-toed softly into her niece's room.

"Therese, are you awake?" she asked. "What is wrong with you, dear?"

Making a pitiful effort to control herself, the other broke suddenly into

tempestuous weeping. Unrestrained, she sobbed for a while, and Mary Colmcille crooned over her comfortingly. Then :

" I don't know what you will think of me," she said ; " but I feel that I simply cannot marry Hugh."

Mary Colmcille's heart gave a sudden throb of gladness. Despite herself and her pity for the other's evident distress.

" But why, dear ? " she questioned. " I thought you cared for him."

" Of course, I care for him," said Therese ; " and that's what's killing me now." He's such a dear that I feel I simply could not let him down. And once I thought," she added sorrowfully, " once I thought that I really was in love with him."

" And now, perhaps, you find that you are in love with someone else ? " She wondered if it could be the gay, young medical student with whom Therese had danced and fraternised all night at the *ceilidhe*.

The girl flushed in the dim light.

" It's not that," she protested, hotly. " It's not that, indeed. . . . It's . . . . it's only that I've been thinking that, maybe, I'm not meant for marriage after all."

" Darling, what do you mean ? " Mary Colmcille asked, bewildered. " You are surely not thinking of entering a convent ? "

" I thought of it often when I was a little girl at school and again in Paris before I met Hugh. But always I shrank, terrified, from the idea. It would mean giving up, I knew, forever and ever the things I loved, exchanging them for the bare walls and cold corridors of the Carmel. And then," continuing rapidly, " Hugh came into my life and I, persuading myself that I could come to love him deeply, accepted him as the solution—the way out—so to speak. But it wasn't a success, though I was happy enough for a while. Hugh was so kind and good, and everyone was pleased, and I think I was proud of him and, maybe, dazzled a bit. . . . Mary Colmcille, you will have to help me out. I really meant to tell him to-night, but I funked ; I'm only a little coward. But I can't let it go on. The Call of the Carmel is growing stronger, more insistent. . . . As if—as if my little Patroness was tugging at my heart-strings. . . . "

Mary Colmcille sat down on the side of the bed.

" Dear," she said, gently, " we must face this together. Of course I will help you in every way I can. But you must tell me exactly what you would like to do."

" Well," said the girl slowly, " after all is cleared up with Hugh, I think I should like to go into Retreat for a week or so. I could then apply for admission into some Carmelite convent. . . . Mother will be furious when she hears I have broken off my engagement, but she'll like the other, too, once she gets used to the idea. She has great devotion, as you know, to the Little Flower."

" I will certainly do my best for you with them," her aunt quietly promised.

There was a little silence then, which was broken at length by Therese.

" Do you think," she queried anxiously, " that Hugh will mind very much ? "

Mary Colmcille smiled reassuringly as she met the girl's young troubled eyes.

" I think," she answered gravely, " I think he will soon get over it."

Therese, already comforted, raised herself on an elbow.

" I never would have suited him, in any case," she said. " I think he'd need somebody nice and understanding like you." She paused for a little while, considering the matter. " It would be simply great " she decided, " if you two fell in love with each other. I think I shall pray for it when I'm settled down in my convent. . . . Now, I do wonder, darling, if it could be brought about."

" It mightn't be so hard," said her aunt, with twinkling eyes.

But even in her great content the thought came swiftly to her—a little queer, cold wind, as it were, sweeping across her heart—that happy though she would, no doubt be, there would still be something missing. While young Therese moved steadily on towards the Greater Joy.

"We Preach Christ Crucified"

"unto them that are called . . . the power of God and the wisdom of God."

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XVII.—JESUS VILELY TREATED, AND AGAIN CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

As we have seen, Jesus was found "guilty of death" by an illegal night session of the Supreme Council of the Jews—condemned on His own testimony, "I am," when Caiphas adjured Him "by the living God," to answer: "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of God?" (Matt. XXVI, 63).

That He had claimed to be the Son of God, was the real charge against Him, and when He admitted it, they had rent their garments, crying: "Blasphemy": and declared Him "guilty of death."

There and then in the Council Chamber began a scene of the most undignified exultation. These selected representatives of the National Government of Israel left their seats and rushed down on Jesus "**and began to spit in His face, while the men that held Him mocked Him and struck Him**" (Mark, XIV, 65: Luke, XXII, 63).

Jesus was condemned now, beyond doubt, but this night trial had no force in law and they knew it, and as there was still about two hours to wait before they could hold a legal court at sunrise, they handed Jesus over for that interval, to the guards and servants for safe custody in an adjoining cell. These lackeys and underlings, taking example from their masters, subjected Jesus in prison to most vile and shameful treatment.

"They blindfolded Him and smote His face; and they asked Him, saying: 'Who is it that struck Thee,' and many other things they said against Him" (Luke, XXII, 64-65).

Blindfolded Him! Him Who had truthfully said: "I am the light of the world!" . . . . Well indeed had the prophet declared of Him: "Thy eyes are too pure to behold evil and Thou can'st not look upon iniquity. Why lookest Thou upon them that do unjust things, and holdest Thy peace when the wicked devoureth the man that is more just than himself?" (Habacuc, I, 13).

"They smote His face," Who held them and all creation in the hollow of His hands! Now he practised what He had taught: "You have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. But I say to you: Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you" (Matt. V, 43-44).

The prophet Jeremias had foretold: "He shall give his cheek to him that striketh Him; he shall be filled with reproaches" (Lament., III, 30); and Jesus Himself had taught: "If one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the left" (Matt. V, 39).

Now Jesus turned to them the other cheek, and they were mean enough to take the advantage, "and the servants struck Him with the palms of their hands" (Mark, XIV, 65).

Isaias had already in prophecy drawn a vivid picture of this scene: "I have given my body to the strikers and my cheeks to them that plucked my beard. I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me and spit upon me" Isaias, (L, 6).

At daybreak (about 6 a.m.) the Council met again to legalise the sentence, and for the third time this morning Jesus is put on trial. Thus, these hypocritical, unscrupulous murderers, salved their pitiful consciences !

This court was a mere formality, and of very short duration. Caiphas opened the proceedings with a direct question to Jesus : " If Thou be the Christ, tell us " (Luke, XXII, 66). Jesus knew that judgment was already passed. He had told them before, and He knew that nothing now would change their verdict. Steadily He looked into the eyes of Caiphas and said : " If I shall tell you, you will not believe Me. And if I shall also ask you, you will not answer Me, nor let Me go. But hereafter the Son of Man shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven " (Luke, XXII, 67-69 : Mark, XIV, 62).

They had spat upon Him, plucked His beard, bruised His face, blindfolded Him and mocked Him, but the Divine calm of His bearing never changed, and unchangeable still was the claim : I am the Son of God.

" **Art Thou the Son of God** ? " they again asked Him. " **I am,**" was the reply. That was enough, they had no need of further testimony, and St. Mark says : " They *all* condemned Him to be guilty of death " (XIV, 64).

During the interval between the night trial and this morning one, the priests and councillors had considered and decided upon the manner of presenting their case to Pilate. The Romans had withdrawn from them the civil authority of putting anyone to death. They would have to carry the case to the Governor, and they knew that this pagan, with his whimsical ideas of God, would judge no man guilty of death, for what to the Romans was the rather common and trivial claim of being the son of a god. So they decided to present Jesus to him as a political offender who was dangerous, as denouncing the existing government and stirring up the people to rebellion ; and thus have Him put to death in the interests of public peace.

They now arranged for certain councillors to take Jesus and carry their charge to Pilate. The priests had to go to their duties in the Temple ; and the smoke of the enkindling fires for the morning sacrifices was already rising in the clear air as Jesus was led bound and under strong escort from the court of Caiphas to the prætorium of Pilate.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

Jesus a Prisoner to our love in the Tabernacles of our Altars.
The Eucharistic Species, is as a white bandage drawn over His face.
That bandage hides His eyes from us, but He sees us through it.
When we come to church what is our conduct in His presence ?
Are we quiet, grateful, loving, reverential, prayerful ? Or
We shall answer to Himself as He sits at God's right hand.

PRAYER.

O most high and humble Lord Jesus Christ, how little the Jews understood Thee ! They desired a Messiah with pomp and glory, with power to free them from the Roman yoke and make them masters of the world.

They wanted no Saviour Who embraced babies, pitied the sick, protected women, associated with working men, and befriended the poor. They laughed at Thee, spat upon Thee, imprisoned Thee, and found Thee guilty of death.

Now in our Tabernacles Thou art our Prisoner, Thy Majesty veiled that we may approach Thee without fear. And we gather round Thee to adore and praise Thee, to bless and thank Thee, to love Thee and gain strength to suffer for Thee and endure humiliations with Thee, Who suffered Thyself and wert so humiliated for us.

REV. FR. HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Sister Antonia Ryan, Patrick Farrell, Ethna Farrell, John Talbot, Andrew Geoghegan, Owen Quinn, Margaret Cullen, Lydia Leonard, Thomas Mooney, Frederick Manley, Mary and Annie Sharpe, Charles and Gertrude Claffey, Martin Daly, Mary Smyth, Elizabeth Kerigan.

A Poet and Saint

REV. THOMAS FOY, M.A.

Crashaw was little appreciated by the critics of his time. Yet he held a unique position. He was the only representative of genuine Catholic lyrical mysticism during the greater part of the seventeenth century in England : : : :

RICHARD CRASHAW was born probably in the year 1613. His father was a learned Anglican Divine, but ultra-Puritan in his tendencies. He was bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, and denounced unceasingly the "wickedness of the See of Rome," and of all its adherents, particularly the Jesuits. He proved many times to his own satisfaction that the Pope was Anti-Christ, and that the teaching of the Jesuits was "damnable and erroneous." What would this learned theologian have thought had he known his son was destined to become "the most ardent and rapturous voice of English Catholicism"?

When Richard Crashaw was fourteen years of age, his father died. Some time before that, Richard had lost his mother, and also a very kindly step-mother. There are few particulars known about his boyhood. He was educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke, and showed a special taste for languages. He became proficient in English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish. At Cambridge he made many friends, including Cowley, to whom he was passionately devoted.

At Peterhouse, in Crashaw's time, the religious element was prominent. In the chapel, which was newly erected, there were full attendances at splendid ceremonies, and many Anglicans went there to pray. Of all these devout Anglicans at Peterhouse, none was more devout than Richard Crashaw. Here he met a fellow-mystic, John Beaumont, and under his influence, Crashaw's piety began to increase. Although he loved solitude and prayer, he proved himself a brilliant student. He contemplated taking Anglican Orders, but his friendship with Catholic scholars prevented him. At this juncture he began the study of the mystical writings of St. Teresa, and her works became to him "floods of flame" and "conquering leaves."

Shortly afterwards civil war broke out, and the "studious cloister's pale" and the "storied windows richly dight" which Wilton had been celebrating, were destroyed.

For Crashaw these outrages were an agony. He refused to take the Covenant, and was expelled. The next year, 1646, we find him a penniless exile in Paris. He was introduced by Cowley to Cardinal Pallotta, an Italian Prelate, and went to Rome as his secretary in 1649. The Cardinal obtained for him a small benefice as Sub-Canon at Loreto, and to hold this he must have had at least Minor Orders. In the heat of an Italian summer he made his way on foot as a pilgrim to the famous shrine, the reputed house of the Redeemer. Fever ensued, and he died at the age of thirty-seven. His remains rest at Loreto—"the richest offering of Loreto's shrine."

Controversy has raged over Crashaw's entry to the Catholic Church. To Prynne, in 1653, this conversion was "a sinful and notorious apostasy and revolt," but to a Catholic, however, it appears a natural conversion, and for him an inevitable development. Always a devout churchman, always possessing a cloudless, all-absorbing faith in a Catholic and Apostolic Church, Crashaw looked around him on a world at once intolerant and intolerable. Men of less delicate and sensitive fibre might be able to overlook these evils and wait patiently for a clearer dawn ; but for Crashaw a living Church was an absolute necessity, and so naturally he sought refuge in Rome. It was fitting, too, that his last days

THE BASILICA OF LORETO.
Where rest the remains of the English poet, Richard Crashaw.

should be spent in Italy. " We can imagine " writes Gosse, " with what feelings of rapture and content the world-worn poet crossed the Apennines and crossed down to the little town above the shores of the Adriatic, in which he doubtless pictured to himself a haunt of peace and prayer till his life's end. As he ascended the hill, he would see before him the great Basilica which Bramante had built as a shelter for the Holy House, and he would feel that his feet were indeed on the threshold of rest."

Crashaw is regarded by many as the greatest mystic among English poets. His motto all through his sacred poems was :

" Live, Jesus, live, and let it be
My life to die for love of Thee."

He cannot understand the coldness of men's hearts, and he bursts forth into a passionate outburst of praise of the great love of God for man—the love that prompted the Incarnation :—

" All things swear friends to fair and good,
Yea, suitors ; Man alone is wooed,
Tediously wooed, and hardly won . . .
God left His Father's court and came,
Lightly as a lambent flame,
Leaping upon hills to be
The humble King of you and me."

This passionate and devotional poetry is the best of its kind, and " some of the lines are the most remarkable of their kind ever written."

The reader of Crashaw's mystical poetry must undoubtedly be in sympathy with the writer, if a full appreciation of its beauty is to be obtained. Like St. Francis and his followers, whom the men of their time called the Troubadours of God, Crashaw was never weary of singing the praises of his Maker. All the beautiful things of Nature spoke eloquently to him of God, and it is his continual sense of the presence of God that makes his poetry what it is. Yet this very

admirable quality is responsible for alienating many of Crashaw's readers. Other poets may force attention by their never-failing strength of genius, no matter who is the reader. Crashaw demands a sympathetic reader, or his genius fails to be perceived. To the believer or to the mystic his poetry is sublime ; to the atheist or the materialist, fantastic nonsense. It is only to be expected, therefore, that there will always remain a certain percentage for whom Crashaw's poetry will mean very little. Yet there are those for whom the mystics have a very definite meaning. Even a slight acquaintance with the work and history of such typical mystics as St. Francis and St. Teresa should be enough to prove that mysticism, properly understood, has a very real, permanent and widely-diffused value. It is an evidence of the truth of religion. St. Teresa characterises it as " the prayer of quiet " which follows " the prayer of recollection," and treats it as the meeting-point of the natural and supernatural. Crashaw's ardent temperament gave a warmth to his devotional writings which scarcely any English writer before him possessed, and his knowledge of Spanish brought the writings of all the Spanish mystics, as well as those of St. Teresa, within his reach.

In the Hymn to St. Teresa are to be found the most beautiful delicacies of language—and the metre is peculiar to Crashaw. Love makes his

" mansion in the mild
And milky soul of this sweet child "

and urges her to do great things for her " Lord's glorious name."

The most ambitious of Crashaw's religious poems is the " Hymn to the Name of Jesus." The opening of the final invocation is the most touching of all :

" Come Lovely Name ! Appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful light :
Look from thine own illustrious home
Fair King of names and come . . . .
Lo ! how the labouring Earth that hopes to be
All Heaven by Thee, leaps at thy birth ! "

The poem, however, is too long to be a success, and its length is responsible for many unwieldy " conceits."

The Hymn on the Nativity is full of happy expressions and ideas :

" Gloomy Night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay :
The Babe looked up and showed His face ;
In spite of Darkness it was day ;
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes."

Crashaw has also made many Paraphrases from Latin Poems. The most elaborate of these is the paraphrase of the " Office for the Third hour."

Crashaw renders it :

" The third hour's deafened with the cry
Of Crucify Him, crucify !
So goes the vote (nor ask them why)
Live Barabas, and let God die !

But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
A ' Hail ' more cruel than their ' Crucify ' ;
For while in sport He wears a spiteful crown
The serious showers along His decent Face run down."

" The Weeper," however, is, in its delicacy of spiritual expression, the most typical poem ever Crashaw wrote. The weeper is St. Mary Magdalen :

" Her wounded Heart and bleeding eyes conspire—
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire ? "

The theme, seemingly a narrow one, is enriched by inexhaustible imagination

and fancy. Its professed subject is the tears of the Magdalen. The poet's intention was to exhibit this subject in a different light in each of the thirty-three stanzas. The underlying idea is that the tears of the Magdalen, which are spoken of in Scripture, never ceased to flow, " and he ransacks heaven and earth to illustrate his idea by a string of hyperboles." The poem has often been severely criticised, notably by Courthope, who writes : " No metrical composition in the English language contains so much imagery and so little thought."

The imagery is perhaps far-fetched, but this fact is forgotten in listening to the exquisite music of the verse :

" Not in the Evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies
Sits sorrow with a face so fair,
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet."

In the delicate poem on the " Assumption of the Blessed Virgin " he writes :

" Hail ! she is called ; the parting hour is come ;
Take thy farewell, poor world, Heaven must go home . . . .
Hark ! how the dear immortal Dove
Sighs to His silver Mate ' Rise up, my Love ' ;
Rise up, my fair, my spotless one !
The winter's past, the rain is gone ;
The Spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets but Thou are wanting here."

It is evident from his poetry that he wishes to fly from the alluring fascination of the world. A voice keeps ever calling him to retirement, to some place of piety where flourish—

" Reverent discipline and religious fear,
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,
Silence and sacred rest, peace and pure joys,
Kind tones that nestle close and make no noise."

In such a place of retirement he hopes that his " self-remembering-soul " may recover

" Its kindred with the stars."

The " conceits " in Crashaw's sacred poetry are more apparent than those of his secular poems, because they occur in a finer setting. Yet, in his " inspired moments " he outdistances all his rivals. To many Catholic readers his " raptures " are still " all air and fire," and to them he still remains what Cowley enthusiastically named him : " A Poet and Saint."

A Thought from St. Paul of the Cross

Let us keep ourselves humble until God Himself will raise us up. Oh, when God wishes to raise up a soul, what gentle violence He uses ! I say gentle—but it is so strong that the soul cannot resist it. So let us remain at first in the presence of God in pure faith, with a deep sense of our own nothingness, our sins and miseries ; afterwards let us leave free to the soul the attractions of the Holy Ghost.

It is better to fear and to distrust one's self, having in view only the Will of God. The world is full of snares ; only humble souls can escape them. Do not trust yourself, even though your prayer seems to produce good effects. It is written : Happy the man who always fears ! To do well and to feel that we do nothing well is a sign of deep humility.

Revolution and the Cinema

TOMAS O BEARAIN

Up to this the Catholic has been a poor propagandist. He is too good-natured to fight. But the Irish Catholic must begin to fight, for the hunt is closing in on him.

THE Catholic, they say, is a hide-bound conservative. Yet, he is the real revolutionist of this world. Not even the Communist is so discontented. The modern world is filled with reformers of rich variety. Some, like the anti-vivisectionists, are sentimentalists ; others, like the Fascists, are not. But all of them are fighting to change the established order of things. The Communists hold that only after a great revolution, as in Russia, can a better order be built. But they are not consistent. After all, an aristocracy and an autocratic Tsar are little different from a privileged party and a Dictator. No ; the Catholic Revolution is a more fundamental affair. It does not worry so much about society, an inanimate thing, but it is intensely interested in the individual, who is alive. The revolution is to be brought about in the heart and in the mind of man. The Catholic is a moral revolutionary ; he says you will have a better state when you have better men.

It was Abelard who said that there was a clash between natural truth and Divine truth ; and the Lutherans went on to say that you could think of God on Sundays, but forget about Him on week-days. The Calvinists went further : they had it that worldly success was a sign of salvation. In Ireland, of course, everyone rejects Luther and Calvin—in name, but not in precept. We remember God at stated times : He has His own appointed day when we go to Mass. We also gain strength for a new week's work by playing football or golf. Whenever God is required, one just produces the file. It is locked carefully away after use—just as Luther said. We have rejected the Reformation in principle ; and have accepted it in practice.

This is where the Catholic revolutionist comes in : he has to change each man's attitude of life, his mind, his heart, by working a revolution within him. There are four million people in Ireland, which means that, in Ireland, there are four million revolutions to be worked. A government can be changed by a General Election, but not a man. There is a big job of work to be done, and every legitimate tool must be used.

It is useful to learn from experience, and the successful revolutionaries can help us somewhat : the Liberals, the Communists, the Fascists, the Nazis. Some of their methods would scarcely be helpful, of course ; castor oil would be positively dangerous. But they all of them have one method in common, namely, propaganda. Since Rousseau and Voltaire, these revolutionaries have dominated the world of letters, the theatre, the press, the cinema, the radio. Why, the Nazis have even a Ministry of Propaganda. The Catholic, as always, has been slow to seize these means. At the Reformation our fighters prepared tremendous scholastic refutations ; but Luther was out shouting at the mob. And he carried the day, until we adopted the same methods.

Nowadays the opportunities for propaganda are everywhere. The output of books, newspapers, periodicals, is colossal. The radio has put a tongue in every home. The theatre is intensely alive, and nearly everyone goes to the cinema two or three times a week. In these busy days nobody has time to think. He just agrees with his favourite newspaper and accepts any other ideas which seem plausible. Any idea, if hammered in for long enough, will pierce his skull.

Up to this, the Catholic has been a poor propagandist. Unless he has his back to the wall, as in England, he is far too good-natured to fight. Universal

pacificism is a pretty sentiment, but it is pernicious. It is foolish to allow oneself to be chewed up by a lion if at all avoidable ; it is worse to let the Devil wipe his hoofs on you. The Irish Catholic must begin to fight, for the hunt is closing in on him.

Let him take example from the Irish Communist. There is a man worthy of admiration. He believes passionately in uplifting the downtrodden. He works with an energy and an enthusiasm, wholly remarkable. He spreads his beliefs by every means he can. It is not easy, for every man's hand is against him. But he fights, fights hard. His hope for the future is nothing so great as ours. But it would appear that he believes more passionately than we do.

All this is prompted by the Syllabus issued for the May Festival of the Marian Arts Guild—" a union of artists who are Christians." This Festival embraces every branch of art. But most significant is that section devoted to the cinema, for it points to an awakening which should do great things for Catholicism and for Ireland.

Of all the great influences of our time, perhaps the cinema has the most power. Everyone, priest and layman, man, woman and child, goes to the cinema more often than one would care to reckon. There we learn our songs and, outside Dublin, all our plays. The song and the play were the two most potent things in the past, and their influence has waned but little. They mould our thoughts as few other things can do. Now, the cinema is dominated by Jews. These gentlemen have a definite mission. They have always been fighters, nor have they thrown up the sponge as yet.

There are innumerable picture-houses in Ireland. Every city, town, village, has them. They teach their lesson insistently. As yet there has been little effort to stem this tide of cosmopolitanism. This is a pity, but we have ourselves to blame. The cinema has been beneath our attention. Even the Government, constantly propagandist, has treated it with disdain, as if the cinema were not the greatest vehicle for propaganda, good, bad or indifferent, of our time.

But there is a quickening. Here and there amateur cinematographers are springing up. Slowly, but surely, there is arising an interest in the film as an art, rather than as an industry. A healthy interest in Irish films will serve as an insulator against outside propaganda. That is why it is so heartening to see the Marian Arts Guild encouraging the amateur film-maker—it is the amateur who is the back-bone of every broad movement—and giving him equal place among older artists. Not alone documentary films such as " See Ireland First " or " Burn Turf "—to name but two—but also general films are open for competition. There are also prizes offered for a film scenario, suitable for amateur production, and an essay on " The Art of the Film."

This is welcome, and should help to consolidate the present position. It should be supported by all amateur photographers and cine-clubs, for we must wake up and take control of our means of amusement, as well as of everything else. Perhaps, one day we will have a cinema that will not have sold its birthright, and will visualise a more noble patron than that egregious creature, " the tired business-man." If our amateurs will take an interest in such festivals as this of the Marian Arts Guild they will show that Ireland, in the world of films, is not dead—but sleepeth.

Note for Postal Subscribers

Many subscriptions are due for renewal with this issue of THE CROSS, which is the first number of Volume XXVII.

Will those concerned please send Postal Order for 5/6 to The Managing Editor, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

A prompt compliance with this request will be much appreciated. The receipt of the June issue of THE CROSS may be regarded as an acknowledgment.

Editorial Notes

The Pope's Birthday.

On May 31st this year, His Holiness Pope Pius XI will celebrate his eightieth birthday. The auspicious anniversary will be celebrated with feelings of joy by Catholics in every part of the world. It is hard to imagine that the vigorous and erect figure of the Pontiff is that of an octogenarian. How much achievement has been crowded into those eighty years? Prefect of the Ambrosian and Vatican Libraries, Alpine climber, Nuncio to Poland in the dangerous post-war years, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan—this alone would be sufficient for one man's life-time. Yet the triumphs of his Pontificate outshine them all. Even a superficial glance over the fourteen years that have elapsed since Pius XI ascended the Throne of Peter must convince the observer that the present Pope has imprinted upon his reign a character profoundly personal. The Lateran Treaty, which provided a definitive solution of the so-called "Roman Question" was in great part, his own work. To him, too, is due the success of the Missionary Exhibition, of the various Jubilee years which he has proclaimed; whilst this month also will see the inauguration of a project in which he has taken a special and paternal interest, the Vatican Press Exhibition. Encyclical Letters upon the questions of the day, Catholic Action, Foreign Missions, Concordats with various States—the future historian of the Pontificate of Pius XI will devote much space to all these topics. Meanwhile, we may rejoice that God has blessed His Church with so wise, so prudent and so outstanding a Pontiff, whilst our fervent prayer for his birthday is an echo of the liturgical petition of the Church: *Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum.* May the Lord preserve him and give him long life!

* * * * *

Towards a REAL Catholic Press.

The forthcoming Vatican Press Exhibition—to which reference was made in our Notes last month—has stimulated interest in the value of the Catholic Press in these countries. It has also resulted in an intensive inspection and constructive criticism of the shortcomings of our Catholic periodicals. Writing in the centenary number of the *Dublin Review*, Denis Gwynn speaks appreciatively of the remarkable progress made in recent years by the *Universe*, *Catholic Times* and *Catholic Herald*. The last-named especially merits praise as "a first brave attempt to achieve what has often been discussed and desired—a general newspaper under Catholic control and direction." Mr. Gwynn also refers to the possibility of establishing either a Catholic Sunday newspaper or a daily paper, but admits that the practical difficulties are almost insurmountable. A better proposal, in his opinion, is the founding of a Catholic news agency "to supply the daily Press with Catholic news or comment, which is at present omitted through ignorance or neglect." At the other extreme Mr. F. MacManus, in the *Father Mathew Record*, delivers a slashing attack on the Catholic Press as we know it in Ireland. "With some few exceptions" he writes, "it consists of magazines and periodicals owned and edited by religious orders, in the pages of which all the crimes of incompetency are perpetrated." He goes on to enumerate the faults evident in the majority of Catholic periodicals, and sums up the whole situation in a neat phrase: "It must be good journalism first or it will be bad Catholicism last." A perusal of the pithy and pungent remarks of Mr. MacManus should lead to a considerable amount of heart-searching on the part of those concerned.

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The impudent and audacious attempt of local Communists to thrust their odious doctrines upon the public ended in a ludicrous fiasco. Entering Glasnevin Cemetery in a hypocritical effort to pay lip-service to the ideals of dead patriots, they were forcibly ejected by representatives of a commonsense democracy that proved to be more militant than pious. And when "Comrade Gallacher,"

Towards the Abyss

T. O'BRIEN

An emergency case was brought to the ward. "A priest—for God's sake, a priest"—the nurse could barely catch the feeble murmur. "You're a Catholic?" she asked eagerly.

THE city of London sweltered under the merciless heat of a mid-day sun, so typical of the warm days of late July and early August. The street outside was almost deserted, as at this hour all who possibly could do so sought the shelter of some secluded nook indoors, or a shady park into which old Sol did not penetrate. The dust-laden atmosphere outside was suffocating, and the clang of tram-cars and the hoot of motor horns combined to make a nerve-racking and ceaseless din, but the girl seated inside the open window of a hospital ward gazed on with unseeing eyes. She was blissfully oblivious of it all—the heat, the noise, and the bustle of the great English capital, for Eileen O'Connor's thoughts had flown far from her present surroundings.

It was a quiet hour in the ward and she had sat down for a little while—to think. Thinking had come to be a painful process nowadays, as it brought in its train other scenes and other faces than those which now made up her daily environment as a nurse. Instead of the endless sea of tiled roofs and smoking chimney-stacks which stretched as far as the eye could reach, her mental vision conjured up a more pleasing scene. In her mind's eye the verdant green of an Irish hillside was lit up here and there by the golden sheen of ripe corn, and the melody of honey-bee mingled with the glad note of many a singing bird. The scent of new-mown hay was in the air, and she could hear the song of the mower, as he urged on his straining horses until the riot of long grass and flowers lay huddled in ordered rows in his wake. Over the lapse of years Eileen O'Connor could see it all again, for was it not the familiar scene of her happy girlhood!

Would it have been better if she had never wandered from that peaceful hillside, the girl wondered. The call of the outer world had come to her there, and gladly she responded with all the joyous anticipation of exuberant youth. She wished to "see life," and if the daily toil of a nurse's strenuous existence in a London hospital did not fulfil all her dreams she did not murmur. For a time she had been content to work hard, and take whatever enjoyment came her way, but after a while weariness claimed her, and the desire for a more leisured life grew upon Eileen O'Connor.

Temptation could not come at a weaker moment, and the Evil One who is never idle knew when to entice her. A few months before, gay and laughing Dr. Jack Winters came into Eileen's life, and if he were not indifferent to the charms of the winsome Irish cailin, she, on her part, found the light-hearted young medico a very delightful companion. His wooing had been short and strenuous; everything that life holds dear Dr. Winters had to offer a girl who was growing tired of unchanging duty. As yet, she had not given her promise. Jack was an avowed atheist, and an early Catholic training warned Eileen that marriage with him meant the last step on her downward path from grace.

It was not as if she had fallen away all of a sudden. The elimination of many devout practices once held dear was gradual, and each one caused a pang of conscience which had to be crushed down. Daily Communion was not very convenient in her new life—she had never failed in the old life at home; there were times when one was too weary to say a Rosary; recently its recital had ceased; an early Mass could not be so easily managed each day now as in Ireland; that practice, too, went the way of the others.

Attendance at Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation was the only justification for calling herself a Catholic that now remained to Eileen O'Connor. She was still faithful to that one duty, but now she had to ask herself "What of the future?" if she were to accept Dr. Winters and become his wife.

The temptation was a terrible one to a girl who was already tired of toil and sighed for a life of leisure. As Mrs. Jack Winters the future would be overflowing with pleasure, enough to satisfy any girl's heart, but it is not easy to sever the last link with the faith which has taken root in early childhood and grown strong with the years. Eileen knew that the temptation would not have troubled her at home in Ireland; it would have been cast ruthlessly aside, but here she had been gradually receding towards the final renunciation.

No wonder that in the hour of torment Eileen O'Connor's thoughts flew back again to old familiar scenes. There the faith was strong, and if she were to give it up now she should say farewell too, and forever, to the home and the hillside that haunted her this evening.

* * * * *

An emergency case brought Nurse Eileen O'Connor back to reality and surroundings again. There had been a street accident, and as she bent over the stricken patient and gently eased his sufferings her own mental torture was forgotten for the moment in the anxiety to soothe his pain.

The man was well past middle life, and the features bore traces of much suffering endured. The bony hands resting on the counterpane were toil-worn, and soon two tired eyes looked up into the face of the nurse at his bedside.

"A priest, for God's sake, a priest," Eileen could barely catch the feeble murmur.

"You're a Catholic?" she asked eagerly, and there was a flicker of a smile about the mouth as he answered:

"I was—once, Nurse, and I want to die a Catholic, too."

A priest was hurriedly sent for, and Eileen O'Connor returned to her patient again. This time his eyes were bent on her—searchingly.

"You're Irish, little girl," he cried. "I can see it in your blue eyes. My God, why can't we be content in our own land?"

"Yes, I'm Irish," Eileen told him. "Have you been long over here?"

"Long enough to forget God. Go back, girl, go back before it is too late," he spoke feverishly. "The same thing will happen to you if you do not go back in time. Ah, thank God, a priest at last."

The nurse left as the priest came to the dying man's bedside, but there was a tumult in he own soul at the words he had spoken. A poor creature, fallen away from God, had been given the grace of repentance; was his solemn warning to herself to be ignored? Eileen wondered if God had sent the poor human wreck to plead with her for the last time before she took that final, and irrevocable step.

As soon as the priest was gone she went back to the bedside again. Something was drawing her towards this one man to whom she was united by the ties of common race and religion.

He was quieter now, and happier. A little smile played about his lips when he saw her again.

"God has been good to me, little girl," he said, "and the grace of a happy death is mine, although I did not deserve it. Tell me—tell me, are you still a Catholic?" he questioned eagerly.

"Y—Yes," she whispered, and he noticed the hesitation in her voice.

"Ah, the old story, I suppose, nurse," he rambled on. "A good Irish Catholic once, but the influence of this Godless country is strong. I thought at one time I would be strong enough for it, but it dragged me down. Don't let it get you in the same way, Nurse," he pleaded. "Go back to the holy hills of Ireland before you lose God's gift of faith."

Long after the struggle was over and the weary soul had gone forth to meet its Judge, his words remained, to burn into the girl's brain. Somehow, she no longer tried to shut out the pleading in that voice which had called to her before the last breath had left his body. Ere he had gone, the battle in the girl's soul was fought—and won.

Next morning in the little church Eileen O'Connor remained kneeling long after Mass was over. She had come to offer a heartfelt thanksgiving to her heavenly Father who had aided her in her hour of need. He had shown the hesitating girl the depth of the abyss over which she was hovering, and Eileen shuddered at the thought of her terrible nearness to ruin.

During the night she had firmly made her resolution. A note to Jack Winters would explain how impossible it was for a Catholic to marry an unbeliever. It would not be easy to put him out of her life, but God would give her strength to do what was right. Then she would go back once more to the hills of home, never to leave them nor her heritage of Faith again.

Peace reigned in the soul of Eileen O'Connor once more.

Our Lady of Solitude

They sealed the rock-hewn tomb and left Him there,
Close wrapped from thorn-pierced Head to Heel
In cool fresh linen; by their loving care
Cleansed and anointed every wound and weal.

Then slowly through the festive town they go,
Where ritual candles star the gloom,
To hide their broken hearts and tears that flow—
Last night He too sat in the Upper Room.

Sad-eyed, the men debate on hopes down cast,
The holy women make their moan,
Longing to see the Sabbath day o'er past.
But she, His Mother, sits apart, alone.

From her pierced heart flow love and gratitude,
Like blood and water from His Side.
She knows He laid His life down as He would,
That for men's sake He hung there crucified.

She knows all pain is past, the victory won,
Death's fetters have no hold on Him,
That when three days are sped, she'll greet her Son,
Though still for anguish past her eyes are dim.

So run the heavy hours in quiet retreat,
The Ancient Law's last Sabbath Day.
At eve the women buy their spices sweet,
Blend them all night while darkness wears away.

Eager once more to serve their buried Lord,
At dawn they hasten to His tomb.
But Mary, who has kept His every word,
Knows that His Resurrection hour is come.

As daybreak conquers night, by her He stands,
Life's tide strong pulsing through each vein,
All healed and glorious though in Feet and Hands
The splendid scars of that stern strife remain.

She holds Him close, her well-beloved Son,
Her heart can scarce its bliss contain.
Mary, O plead for us when life is done,
To share thy joy as we have shared thy pain.

E. M. P.

in the *Catholic News* (Johannesburg).

Passionist Missions and Retreats

(IRISH PROVINCE)

Easter to June, 1936

Dunboyne, Co. Meath	FF. Casimir and Vivian.
Gurtnahoe, Co. Tipperary	FF. Kieran and Herman.
Camlough, Co. Armagh	FF. Colman and Sylvius.
Cookstown, Co. Tyrone	FF. Austin and Paschal.
Finglas, Co. Dublin	Fr. Terence.
Lisburn, Co. Antrim	FF. Gerard and Enda.
Graiguenamanagh, Co. Kilkenny	FF. Daniel and Albert.
Carrickmore, Co. Tyrone	FF. Thomas and Owen.
Stamullen, Co. Meath	Fr. Frederick.
Athy, Co. Kildare	FF. Casimir and Edmund.
Ravensdale, Co. Louth	FF. Alexis and Isidore.
Douglas, Cork (Women)	Fr. Vivian.
Do. do. (Men)	Fr. Kieran.
The Cathedral, Armagh	FF. Austin, Edmund and Vivian.
Termonfeckin, Co. Louth	FF. Fabian and Gerard.
Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Colman .
Franciscan Church, Dundee, Scotland	FF. Frederick and Owen.
Granard, Co. Longford	FF. Ephrem and Jarlath.
Valleymount, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Sylvius.
Trim, Co. Meath	FF. Herman, Daniel and Hilary.
Coalisland, Co. Tyrone	FF. Austin and Paschal.
Tierworker, Co. Cavan	Fr. Enda.
Hollywood, Co. Down	FF. Richard and Hilary.
Eglish, Birr, Offaly	FF. Richard and Albert.
Newtownforbes, Co. Longford	FF. Gerald and Enda.
Rostrevor, Co. Down	Fr. Casimir.
Valentia Island, Co. Kerry	FF. Colman and Sylvius.
Bohermeen, Navan, Co. Meath	FF. Kieran and Isidore.
Markethill, Co. Armagh	Fr. Cronan.
Clonmany, Co. Donegal	FF. Alexis, Austin and Gerard.
Castlerahan, Co. Cavan	FF. Thomas and Timothy.
Ballymun, Co. Dublin	Fr. Frederick.
Ardglass, Co. Down	FF. Terence and Aloysius.
Ballygalget, Co. Down	Fr. Daniel.
Aghyaran, Co. Tyrone	FF. Alexis and Victor.
St. Mullin's, Co. Kilkenny	Fr. Thomas
Houston, Renfrewshire, Scotland	FF. Timothy and Victor.
Rollestown, Co. Dublin	Fr. Albert.
Johnstown, Navan, Co. Meath	Fr. Casimir.
Strathaven, Lanarkshire, Scotland	Fr. Cormac.
E. de M., Convent of St. Louis, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo	Fr. Hilary.
Do. Sisters of Charity, Tramore, Co. Waterford	Fr. Frederick.
Do. Convent of Mercy, Rathangan, Co. Kildare	Fr. Isidore.
Do. Reparation Convent, Cork	Fr. Gerard.
Do. Little Strand Street, Dublin	Fr. Albert.
Children, Convent of Mercy, Westport, Co. Mayo	Fr. Hilary.

Applications for Missions and Retreats, which should be made in good time, should be addressed to : V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, C.P., St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, S.W.7.

Some Churches of Rome

V. St. Paul outside the Walls

REV. VICTOR MANN

If anyone should think that the Romans have lost the art of building on an heroic scale, the Basilica of St. Paul should help to dispel the idea. It is a miracle of size and splendour, of good taste and classical beauty.

WE come now to the last of the four basilicas connected with the Holy Year. It is true that the Holy Year is finished, and that the Holy Doors at St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's, St. Mary Major's and St. Paul's, Outside the Walls have been solemnly closed and sealed either by the Holy Father himself or by some distinguished prelate appointed by His Holiness. Here we will content ourselves with looking at the picture of St. Paul's and reading something of its history.

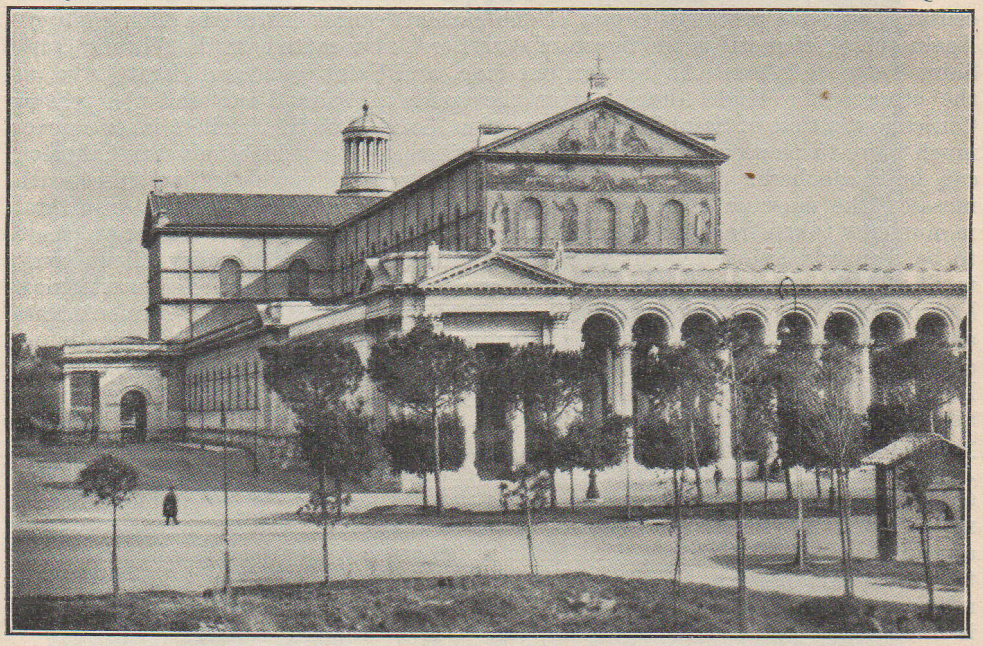
Whereas the churches in Rome nestle closely together, so that it is but a few steps from one to another, we have to leave the city by tram or other conveyance and travel along the road to Ostia, about a mile and a half from the gate of St. Paul, to find the Basilica. The reason why St. Peter's should be in the city and St. Paul's outside goes right back to the beginning of things. St. Paul was a Roman citizen ; that is, he was born in Tarsus, in Asia Minor, a city which had once deserved well of a Roman Emperor and was rewarded by the freedom of Rome ; henceforth all natives of Tarsus had the rights and privileges of Roman citizens. So when St. Paul came to suffer martyrdom for the sake of his Divine Master in Rome he had to be put to death in a manner worthy of a Roman citizen : he must be beheaded by the sword, and the execution must take place outside the city walls. St. Peter was a foreigner, and so crucifixion as a criminal and death anywhere suited his case. He was crucified head-downwards, and afterwards buried on the Vatican Hill, and St. Peter's stands upon the place of his burial. St. Paul died out in a lonely spot among the marshes, and his body was buried, not in a catacomb, but in the cemetery of the Lady Lucina, not very far from the place where the Saint was beheaded.

First a small oratory was built over the tomb by Pope Anacletus, who reigned 78-90 A.D. This served until Emperor Constantine enlarged it on basilican lines early in the fourth century, enclosing the tomb in an arch like that which he had constructed over St. Peter's tomb. But this building proved too small, and it was demolished by Emperor Valentinian II, and the Emperor's edict on the subject to the Prefect of Rome, Sallustius, is still in existence. The colossal building begun by Valentinian was continued by Theodosius, and completed by Honorius. There is evidence that the church was called the Basilica of the Three Lords, and this evidence, strangely enough, is supplied by an ancient dog-collar discovered in 1871. This most perfect of the basilicas lasted from 395 until 1823, though there were notable restorations in the reign of Pope Leo III (eighth century).

Passing over the centuries, we come to the memorable date of 16th July, 1823. Some workmen were engaged on the roof of the Basilica, and a fire was started in a mysterious manner. The whole of the timbered roof soon became a mass of flames and fell with a crash into the nave. The heat was so intense that the beautiful marble pillars—there were eighty pillars, each of one piece, forming the finest collection of monoliths in Europe—were reduced to powder, and the other columns of porphyry split into fragments. The arch over the tomb and the apse were saved, but nothing remained of the nave and the aisles but a smouldering heap.

Great sympathy was shown throughout the world. Large sums were contributed by Catholic sovereigns and princes, and the work of rebuilding was commenced immediately. In December, 1854, the basilica as we see it in the illustration was completed and dedicated by Pope Pius IX in the presence of nearly two hundred Cardinals and Bishops, who were assembled in Rome for the promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The present basilica is of the same dimensions and form as the fifteen-hundred-years old building it replaces. It is, possibly, loftier than the old St. Paul's. We approach it by the west front, through the fine atrium or open court surrounded by pink and grey columns of Bavena marble. This atrium was built by the Italian Government. The accompanying picture of the west front shows three sides of the atrium. The garden has been turfed, and presents a spick-and-span appearance, and the statue of St. Paul now occupies a central position.



THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL OUTSIDE THE WALLS.
The Basilica was destroyed by fire in 1823; rebuilt and dedicated in 1854.

Some idea of the generous proportions of the front can be arrived at by noticing the man standing near the column in the middle of the facade. Above the porch, with its twelve pillars, will be seen the modern mosaics in gold and bright colours, four prophets, above them the Lamb in the centre of Paradise, surrounded by the sheep, the whole flanked by the two cities, Jerusalem and Bethlehem ; whilst in the triangle sits the Divine Judge, attended by St. Peter and St. Paul. All the background is golden, and when seen in bright sunlight against the miraculous blue of an Italian sky impresses on the memory a picture that can never be forgotten.

When we enter the basilica our first feeling is one of disappointment. Nothing can be seen for a few moments after the dazzling brightness of the exterior, and only gradually does the eye accustom itself to the semi-darkness. Then appears the forest of columns, eighty in all, and the marble floor so highly polished that it reflects everything like a mirror. High up in the walls we see the portraits of all the Popes from St. Peter. Naturally the pictures of the earlier Popes can scarcely claim to be portraits in the strict meaning of the word, but the series

forms an interesting document. Forty-three of the original mosaics remain from the fire of 1823, those representing the line of Popes from St. Peter to Innocent I. It was possible to reproduce those portraits which were on the north wall and which were destroyed by the fire from a manuscript copy in the Barberini Library. Each of the modern medallions represents the work of one man for a whole year, and was made at the mosaic works at the Vatican.

The Triumphal Arch over the Altar was not destroyed by the fire, though the mosaics suffered heavily and were considerably restored. So, making allowance for the repairs, we can say that the mosaics on the Arch are of the fifth century. The design consists of a large circle, in which is the dominating figure of Our Saviour ; on each side are the symbolic figures of the four Evangelists. Beneath these are the twenty-four elders of the Apocalypse ; and at the spring of the arch, on either side, are the imposing figures of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

The mosaics seen in the apse behind the High Altar are of the thirteenth century, and are probably copies of the earlier decorations of the fifth century. Again the chief motif is the figure of Our Lord, now seated on the Throne, with Saint Peter and Saint Andrew on one side, and Saint Paul and Saint Luke on the other. The High Altar is over the tomb of Saint Paul, and the second Confession is that of Saint Paul's companion, Saint Timothy. There is, of course, much more to be seen in this wonderful basilica, and to which only brief allusion can be made here. The Cloisters with their twisted marble pillars inset with mosaics, the museum of Roman and early Christian inscriptions, the sepulchral monuments taken from the older church : these and many other things are there to be seen and enjoyed ; but two things stand out in the memory after a visit to St. Paul's. One is the dreary road, once through an uninhabited waste, now looking possibly more desolate with its new building estate of workmen's flats and central markets. The other is a feeling of immensity, almost overwhelming, at the first sight of the nave. It is not so large as St. Peter's, but it feels larger. I suppose this is because St. Peter's only gradually unfolds itself to view, and at any one moment you are looking only at a part of the church. But at St. Paul's you take in all the nave at one glance, and see the four aisles through the arches. Again, the height of St. Paul's does not compare with that of St. Peter's, and so the empty floor seems to cover a greater area. I feel also—it is a purely personal matter, and may be taken for what it is worth—that whereas one could pray anywhere in St. Peter's, at St. Paul's religious sentiment could only begin at the Triumphal Arch. However, I have not had the privilege of attending a religious function of any magnitude at St. Paul's. Perhaps when this vast nave is filled with a concourse of worshippers it is a different matter.

A final thought. If anyone is so insular as to think that the Romans have lost the art of building on an heroic scale, the Church of St. Paul Outside the Walls should help to dispel the idea. It is a miracle of size and splendour, of the harmonious use of rich materials, of good taste and classical beauty.

(Next Month :—*The Pantheon*)

An Historic Anniversary

Through the courtesy of the Editor of *The Harvest* we publish on the opposite page an interesting and historic picture. Many thousands of copies were distributed to the children of Rome as a souvenir of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the decree "*Quam Singulari*" of Pope Pius X, granting earlier and more frequent Communions.

Designed at the special request of Cardinal Marchetti, Vicar-General of Rome, the picture was drawn by Rev. John P. Abbing, a Salford student at the English College. The saintly Pope Pius X is represented on the altar-steps, attracting attention to the Blessed Sacrament, and holding in his hand the epoch-making Decree. Adoring angels are there, and also little children of all nations, Europeans, Chinese, Negroes, Japanese—whilst one, a little Eskimo, is calling others to come and partake of the Great Feast. More than 50,000 children were gathered in St. Peter's and received a copy of this picture, which has all the simplicity and strength of true art.

Souvenir Picture

for

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Decree "Quam Singulari"

(*See Note on opposite page*)

Ladyslipper

D. M. ANDERSON

CHAPTER V.—*A Haven.*

"JUST one more spoonful, there's a good child."

Obediently Nan took it.

Doctor West got up from his chair beside the bed and stood looking down at his little patient. She looked very fragile as she lay propped up with the pillows, and the pink eiderdown seemed to contrast sadly with her little white face.

"Now you must be good and go to sleep," he said, "but you are not to talk till I give you permission."

Nan gave him a grateful smile, and with a pat on her head he went out of the room.

She had been terribly ill for a few hours, and the doctor knew full well what must have happened. She most obviously had not been properly fed, and the exertion of the dance had overstrained her heart. But she was mending rapidly now, and it was chiefly thanks to his care. The first night he had never left her, but had used every means possible to bring her round; and after a few hours he had succeeded.

"She is a sweet little thing," he reflected, as he went down the stairs, "but she has obviously had a rough time lately."

Nan lay quite still after the doctor had left her, with a feeling of peace that she had not known since her mother's death. It was partly weakness, partly the sense of being well cared for and having someone to lean on, and she smiled contentedly to herself. After a while she opened her eyes and looked round the room. It was a dainty little room, very fresh and clean. The breeze blew the soft white curtains that covered the casement windows and left the room cool and shady. Lying there the child wondered who had used the room before her, it had such a friendly atmosphere somehow, and as she lay guessing, she fell asleep.

After a few days Nan was promoted to sitting up in bed, though she was still kept very quiet. Then the first afternoon that she was allowed to sit out in a big chair, Doctor West came in. He took her pulse and then he smiled.

"You are getting on famously now," he said, "and you may talk for half an hour—to me!"

He was very anxious about the child's future, and up to now he knew practically next to nothing about her. Hart, the theatrical manager, had been non-committal. What made him all the more anxious was the attitude taken by the local papers. The public had gone mad over the little dancer, and her tragic collapse had made a sensational advertisement. The reporters had, of course, seized their opportunity, and one could not open one of these papers without being confronted with pictures and startling headlines about Nancy. Doctor West, himself, had been besieged with enquiries to such an extent, that he had been driven to putting bulletins on his garden gate, a procedure that he detested. All this had added to his concern over the child's welfare, she was so young and innocent to be the sport of a fickle public, and his heart ached for her.

Nancy smiled up at him, and put out a thin little hand.

"I have been wanting to thank you," she began, but he cut her short.

"That's all understood," he said. "I hate being thanked. Now do you think that you could tell me a little of your life? But it is only if you want to."

"Of course I want to," said Nancy, "I could tell you anything, and I think it will help me, too. I feel such a weight on my heart since my mother died, and I have felt that if I could speak to someone who would understand, that it would help."

Doctor West said nothing, but he stooped down and picked up the frail, little figure, carrying her over to a big chair, where he sat down, holding her on his knee. She cuddled up and leant her cheek against his shoulder, and so, very simply she told him her story. She made no allusion to her guardian's unkindness, or the treatment she had received from the Hart's. Partly because she was a kind little person, and partly because she was too much of a child still to take things except as they came, without reasoning. But the doctor was wise enough to read between the lines.

When she had finished, he took her little hand in his.

" Poor little kid," he said.

Nan smiled at him gratefully, she felt so secure with this big man.

" Weren't you very frightened dancing alone before such a great crowd ? " the doctor asked, after a minute.

Nancy shook her head.

" Not after the first minute," she said, and then she told him all about Ladyslipper.

Doctor West stroked her cheek gently.

" What a dear little thing you are," he said, " I can't bear to think of all you have suffered, Nancy."

Nan slipped a little hand into his.

" It has been a bit hard sometimes," she whispered. " It would have been all right if I had been with mother, but I do miss her so terribly ! "

He saw a tear trickle down the little pale cheek, and gathered the motherless child close.

" Just cry, Nan dear, it will do you good," he whispered.

The kind words were too much, and Nan burst into a flood of tears.

The days wore on, and the child grew daily stronger. She was allowed up for longer now, and sat in a big chair by the window.

" I am getting quite proud of you," remarked the doctor, one afternoon, as he came into her room. " You are beginning to get some flesh on your bones at last."

Then he came over to her.

" I have been thinking about your future," he said, a little shyly. " I had a little girl once like you, Nan. She would be just about your age. But she and her mother died and left me all alone. Do you think that you could be my little girl ? I'd try and be a good father to you, Nan."

Nan's face flushed, and she looked at her would-be father with big eyes.

" Do you really mean it ? " she asked him. " It is not just kindness ? "

" No, I do really want you to be my little girl. And I owe you a lot, Nan. I had been hard and resentful with God for taking away my wife and child, and I had given up my religion. But your dancing, somehow, brought me to my senses. I think it was because you were only dancing for Our Lady. Anyway, I have made it all straight again, now."

Nan slipped a little hand into his.

" I'll try and be a good child to you," she said.

" I shan't trust you out of my sight for a long while yet," he assured her, " so there will be no thought of school at present. I have not had a holiday for a very long time, so, when you are fit we will go away to the South of France together.

Nan snuggled up against him.

" We are going to be awfully happy," she whispered, and then, very confidentially, she added : " You are a little like my own daddy."

Her adopted father gave her a squeeze.

" Am I ? " he asked. " Surely you don't remember your father, Nancy ? "

" Oh yes, quite well ! He was very big and jolly, and we used to play such

British Communist M.P. for a Scottish constituency, specially imported for the occasion, was billed as the special attraction for a meeting in College Green, the same militant members put a stop to the meeting before it had well begun. Of course, the usual result followed. Wrapping themselves in the green mantle of incorruptible Republicanism, and assuming an air of injured innocence, the local "Comrades" raised a frenzied clamour about the rights of free speech being trampled upon, etc., etc. But the disguise is beginning to wear rather thin—and through various rents in the green mantle the well-known red of Communism is plainly to be seen. One of our national dailies essayed a new game, popularly known as "Whitewashing the Reds." But that attempt was dealt with in no uncertain fashion by Mr. Hugh P. Allen, who, no doubt, has merited the thanks of all loyal readers of *The Irish Press* for defending the slogan "Truth in the News." And here we may add that we should welcome some practical steps to implement the opinion of the District Justice that it is illegal to hold public meetings in the public street. If this were definitely ascertained and acted upon, it would put an end to an intolerable nuisance.

Communists on College Green.

* * * * *

From the welter of conflicting reports regarding the war in Abyssinia one fact clearly emerges: that the Italians are becoming masters of the situation. One cannot but pity the Negus, who pinned his hopes of victory upon League intervention, but who has been so cynically and shamelessly abandoned to his fate. The military experts, who pointed out to their own satisfaction that Italy had embarked upon an impossible task, have proved to be sadly mistaken. The Italians have accomplished in months a work which the experts had predicted would take years to complete; and ultimate victory is in sight. Meanwhile, the League of Nations is engaged in a game of "face-saving." Mr. Eden, whose exploits hitherto have been exceedingly unspectacular, continues to clamour for further "sanctions." But his rhetorical appeals to high ideals have been received with chilly and unsympathetic silence by his colleagues. Everyone agrees that something ought to be done, but nobody is anxious to be the first in action. The utter futility of the League has been demonstrated to the world; and whilst the delegates are engaged in endless speech-making, the more sinister moves are taking place behind the scenes. The General Staff talks between the military, naval and air commanders of England, France and Belgium have aroused great public anxiety. There would be still more anxiety if the camouflage title was stripped away and "Plans for War" substituted. The public memory is notoriously short, but surely people cannot have forgotten that the General Staff talks of 1911-12 saw their logical fulfilment in 1914. History is repeating itself with distressing accuracy. The nations are again engaged in an armaments race which can only have one conclusion. The lessons of 1914-18 have already been forgotten.

The Italian Adventure.

* * * * *

The Left successes at the recent Spanish elections have been fraught with dire consequences for the Catholic people of Spain. In spite of a strict censorship of news, some of the truth is beginning to be known. To celebrate their victory in the traditional fashion, the followers of the Left turned out in force to attack churches and convents; and soon the midnight sky was made lurid by the flames from churches set on fire by the mob. At the same time the police stood idly by, for in the new Spain to interfere with the anti-God fanatics is to be suspected of "Fascist" tendencies! Meanwhile, the *rapprochement* with Moscow goes on apace, and plans are being laid for the complete sovietization of Spain. Already an emissary from Russia has arrived in Spain to assist in

Sad News from Spain.

lovely games together. Mother used to laugh and say that he was as big a baby as I was!" She smiled at the remembrance and then looked up at him.

"What was your little girl like?" she asked.

"A little like you, dear, she was like a fairy, with golden curls and blue eyes, and we had lovely romps together, too. She had your room, Nan; I left it as it was after she died, little thinking how useful it would be for my new daughter."

The doctor smiled.

"Oh!" cried Nan. "I wondered who had been living in that room, it felt so friendly, as if it had been someone nice. Is that her picture over the mantelpiece?"

The man nodded.

"I like what you said about the room being friendly, my little girl was just like that."

"And her mother?" asked Nan.

"Her mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, dear, and as good as she was beautiful. She was always sweet and gentle with everyone, and she was well loved by my poor patients. It was visiting them that she caught typhoid fever, and the child caught it too, for my wife liked to take her with her. We did all we could for them, Nan, but they died within ten minutes of each other. The priest told me that she had given her life for others, but that made me all the more bitter. I felt as if God had taken advantage of her kindness. But I see differently since your dance, Ladyslipper, it was a reward, wasn't it?"

Ladyslipper smiled.

"Which died first?" she asked, with a child's interest in details.

"The little girl," answered the doctor.

"Oh, I am glad," cried Nan, "she was waiting to welcome her mother."

Doctor West smiled, as if a happy thought had struck him, then he looked a little grave.

"I'll have to settle things with your guardian," he said. "By the way, did your mother leave any written declaration appointing him your guardian. Did you ever see any?"

Nan shook her head.

"Well, I will settle matters for you. I expect that Cousin Mark will be glad to get rid of you," he added teasingly.

NEXT MONTH :—CHAPTER VI.—"*For My Mother's Memory.*"

Sisters of The Cross and Passion

PROVINCIAL CHAPTER.

The triennial Chapter of the Irish Province of the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion was held during the month of April at St. Comgall's Convent, Drumalis, Larne, Co. Antrim. Very Rev. Fr. Sebastian, C.P., presided over the Chapter. The results of the elections have been announced as follows :—

Provincial	Mother M. Josephine.
1st Provincial Consultor	Mother M. Peter.
2nd Provincial Consultor	Mother M. Petronella.
Mistress of Novices	Mother M. Teresa Joseph.
Local Superiors :	
Bryson Street, Belfast	Mother M. Pancras.
Willowfield, Belfast	*Mother M. Joseph Gabriel.
Ballycastle, Co. Antrim	*Mother M. Malachy.
Irvine, Ayrshire	*Mother M. St. Leonard.
Lochgelly, Fifeshire	Mother M. Loretto.
Ayr	*Mother M. Hildegarde.
Waterside, Ayrshire	*Mother M. Teresita.
Birnieknowe, Ayrshire	*Mother M. Albert.
Larne, Co. Antrim	Mother M. Marcellina.
Kilcullen, Co. Kildare	Mother M. Ricarda.

*Re-elected.

Passionist Notes and News

CHINA.

Communist Ravages on Missions.

Further letters from Passionist missionaries in China give heart-rending accounts of the havoc and destruction left by the Communist troops. In almost every town, the missions were singled out for special attack, and the most horrible profanations took place before the Reds were defeated by Government troops. Here is a selection from the missionaries' letters :

Supu (Fr. Raphael Vance, C.P.) : " I have scarcely the heart to write a detailed account of the Communist ravages in Supu. They sacked the stores and homes of the better classes. . . . About five hundred young women were brought in from the country-side, quartered in the mission-school and forced to study Communist doctrine. Our gate-keeper was strung up by the thumbs and left to hang in agony. Later he was released. The wife of a former catechist was tortured. Everything in the main Mission and the four out-stations was stolen or destroyed. Our life-sized crucifixes were taken out into the street, insulted and smashed. The altars and confessionals, the pews and benches were burned. Windows were smashed, floors pulled up ; the vestments and sacred vessels discovered. The damage in Supu Mission alone amounts in Chinese money to about 10,000 dollars.

Wuki (Fr. Joachim Beckes, C.P.) : " The Red Army swept across Hunan with the fury of a storm, rapid in approach, uncertain in extent, devastating and terrifying. My first night in the hills was more like a nightmare than an actuality ; the burning of a bridge cast a sinister red glow upon the sky ; the silence, fraught with suspense, was ominous of evil to come. It was a night when one lived an age. The dawn ushered the long-capped soldiers into the village. A typhoon could not have caused more damage than did those vandals."

Wangtsun (Fr. Basil Bauer, C.P.) : " I have lost heavily here. Not much planting is being done, since the farmers are afraid of another invasion. All the bamboo groves have been cut down by the soldiers to make block-houses. Every hill boasts of one. I can count more than fifteen from the window of my house. Rice, meat, charcoal—everything has soared in price."

ENGLAND.

Profession of a Novice.

On April 9th, at St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Worcs., Novitiate of St. Joseph's Province, Very Rev. Fr. Linus, C.P., Master of Novices, officiated at the profession of Confrater Sebastian (Shearer), Highgate, London.

Sermons in the Street.

On Good Friday, the Catholic Evidence Guild held the devotions of the Stations of the Cross at Market Street, Bradford. Rev. Fr. Philip, C.P., preached a special sermon on the Passion at the conclusion of the devotions. In Leeds, the same devotions took place in Town Hall Square, the preacher being Rev. Fr. Jeremias, C.P.

FRANCE.

Passionist Periodical and Matt Talbot.

The French Passionist periodical, *Revue de la Passion*, publishes in its April number an interesting and moving account of Matt Talbot under the title *Un Temoin du Christ dans les Docks*. Having briefly sketched the outstanding events of his life, the writer, a French Passionist, expresses the hope that Matt Talbot may prove a guide and a patron for the whole working-class movement, and will make it hearken to the voice of the Church preaching Charity, Concord and Peace.

ITALY.

New Passionist Bishop.

On February 18th yet another Passionist Father was elevated to the Hierarchy by the appointment of Fr. Eugene Faggiano, C.P., to be Bishop of Cariati. Born in 1877, the Bishop-elect was professed in the Passionist Congregation in 1894 and was ordained in 1903. Having filled various offices of trust in the Congregation, he was elected Provincial in 1925 ; six years later, in 1931, he became Master of Novices in the Retreat at Laurignano. The diocese of Cariati, to which he has been appointed, is a suffragan of Santa Severina. It is situated in the civil Province of Cantanzaro, South Italy. The diocese has a Catholic population of about 65,000, with about 80 churches. Mgr. Faggiano is the twenty-fourth Passionist to be raised to the Hierarchy, and is the eighth of those still living. *Ad multos et faustissimos annos* !

SPAIN.

Death of Fr. Provincial.

We regret to announce the death of Very Rev. Fr. Placid of St. Joseph, Provincial of the Spanish Province of the Precious Blood, which took place at Cadiz on February 14th. Fr. Placid was about to make the long journey to Bolivia and Chile to perform the canonical visitation of the South American Retreats belonging to his Province. He must have had some foreboding that his end was approaching, for when embarking with his companions at Barcelona on February 4th, he remarked that he would not return alive from this voyage. During the short passage from Barcelona to Cadiz he was suddenly taken ill, and had to be removed to hospital. A few days later, having edified all by his piety, his fervour and his resignation to God's Will, he quietly breathed his last. R.I.P.

Our Question Box: Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

ABOUT VOCATION.

(1) *How long should I have to study before becoming a priest?*

(2) *Do you think I have a vocation to the priesthood?*—"Doubtful" (Dublin).

(1) The course of study for the Priesthood requires at least two years of philosophy, and four years of theology. But no one could be admitted to these courses unless he had a good secondary education, and above all a knowledge of Latin. If an aspirant to the Priesthood lacked these preparatory studies, it could be arranged for him to devote two or three years to them, provided he were suitable in other respects.

(2) No one can solve your personal problem concerning your interior dispositions save yourself and your Confessor. From the amount of information given in your letter we could not pass any judgment on the possibility of your possessing a vocation to the Priesthood, or otherwise.

BOOKS FOR NURSES.

Can you recommend some books dealing with nursing from a Catholic view-point?—"Matron" (Dublin).

The following may prove useful: *The Character of a Nurse*, by James J. Brogan, S.J., 6/9; *The Catholic Nurse*, by Richard J. Murphy, S.J., 5/-; *Sodalities for Nurses*, by E. F. Garesché, S.J., 7/6; *Elements of Psychology for Nurses*, by Rev. James F. Barrett, 8/6. There is also a very useful booklet: *The Nurse Ideal*, by Sister Mary Ursula, 6d. Any of these may be ordered through *The Cross*, if the cost of postage is added.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

Should one interrupt a priest, with whom one is acquainted, when he is saying his office in a tram or bus?—"Perplexed" (Dublin).

We are of opinion that under such circumstances, the priest would prefer not to be interrupted.

USE OF INCENSE.

What does the use of incense signify in the ceremonies of the Church?—A. D. (Co. Down).

Incense, as used in the ceremonies of the Church, is a symbolical *sacramental*. Its burning represents "zeal; its fragrance, virtue, and its rising, smoke, prayer going before the altar of God." The essence of incense comes from a granulated aromatic resin which may be procured from trees in certain countries. When it is blessed it becomes *sacramental*.

FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

(1) *Was there ever a sinner whose sins were so great that there was no forgiveness for them, even if the sinner repented and wished to amend?*

(2) *Would a priest give absolution to a sinner, to keep that person from fretting, even though he knew there was no chance for that person?*—"Anxious" (Co. Tyrone).

(1) No matter how great or how grievous the sin, as long as the sinner is truly repentant, and wishes to amend, then there is always forgiveness for him. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live" (Ezech. xxxiii, 11).

(2) Your question is obscure. If a sinner is unwilling at least to make an effort to amend his life, then the priest cannot give him absolution. Certainly, absolution could not be given merely "to keep a person from fretting." To harbour such an idea is to misunderstand the whole purpose of the Sacrament of Penance. Absolution is given for the remission of sins, provided the sinner is truly sorry for them, and has a firm purpose of amendment.

FOUR QUESTIONS.

(1) *If a person commits a mortal sin, but didn't know that it was mortal, and goes to confession without mentioning it, is the confession worthy?* (2) *What should one do who is constantly annoyed with bad thoughts? Is it a mortal sin when it cannot be helped?* (3) *When two persons are arguing about something, and one cursed the other without thinking, and the other party said almost the same thing in return, would it be considered a mortal sin? It was the first time such a thing happened.* (4) *Can a priest marry two baptised, or two unbaptised Protestants?*—"Reader" (Dublin).

(1) You are obliged to mention only those mortal sins which you have certainly committed, and which you are able to remember.

(2) Sins of thought, like all other sins, are committed only when there is deliberation and voluntary consent. The best thing to do in such cases is to be busy about useful things.

(3) Hardly.

(4) By Canon Law Catholic priests are not permitted to marry two non-Catholics, whether baptised or not.

THE CURSE OF NOAH

Is not the curse of Noah upon Cham shown in the negro race?—R. O'M. (London).

No, the curse of Noah is not upon the negro race. This curse (Gen. ix, 25) mentions only Chanaan, one of the sons of Cham. Interpreters see in this a prophetic statement of the latter historic event when the Chanaanites—the descendants of Chanaan—were dispossessed of their land and made the servants of God's chosen people.

1. Queries, which must be BRIEF and CLEAR, should be addressed: "Question-Box," *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin, S.W.7.
2. Pen-names or initials may be used for publication. In *all* cases, one's correct name and address must be given.
3. Political or non-religious queries will be ignored. Preference will be given to questions of more general interest.

Book Reviews

FROM DEATH TO LIFE. Edited by J. Salsmans, S.J. Translated by Fr. L. L. McReavy. Dublin : Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Nassau Street. 231 pages. **3s. 6d.**

Described on the title-page as *A Convict's Diary*, this book is an extraordinary human document. As Fr. Salsmans, the editor of the original French edition, truly remarks, this authentic story of the transformation of an anarchist's soul can be summed up in the one word : Resurrection. " Pierre," the name given to the author of the diary to conceal his real name, was born in Paris in 1892. When almost nineteen years of age he migrated to Belgium, where he became a member of a Revolutionary Youth Organisation and an anarchist by conviction. After a short sojourn in London, he returned to Belgium, where he joined a gang of burglars. The inevitable result followed ; he was arrested and sentenced to fourteen years' hard labour. And the remainder of the book is filled with a diary of his prison life. Not without grim humour are the early pages in the diary wherein he records his arguments with the prison chaplain. Here is a sample entry : " May 3rd—My clerical friend still keeps coming to see me, but we agree less and less. I despair of ever making an anarchist of him." But in the end, the chaplain was right. " You are too intelligent not to be a Christian " he said to Pierre—and the pages of the diary bear out his judgment. The Diary proper was begun only in 1915, but it is a document of the highest value. In it, Pierre records his intimate thoughts, his sufferings, his boredom, his half-sceptical inquiries into the field of religion, his judgments upon the persons with whom he came into contact.

Very moving indeed are the pages which describe Pierre's conversion. For a long time he stood hesitant, but finally he made up his mind. He made his confession on Easter Sunday, and no sooner had he finished than he sprang to his feet and embraced the priest. On Easter Monday, he assisted at the Chaplain's Mass with the prison governor as his only companion. Side by side, they knelt for Communion, the governor and the convict, a fraternal union such as religion only could effect. Barely a few months later, his soul transfigured by his conversion and purified by suffering, Pierre was released from prison by death. His death, marked with the seal of the supernatural, left a profound impression upon those who witnessed it. Hence the story of his life, largely told in his own words, is given to the public. Strange to relate, six convicts of the same prison have since followed Pierre's example and have become reconciled to God. This book leaves a vivid impression of a soul's victory over obstacles seemingly insurmountable.

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A KNAPSACK OF DREAMS. Lilian Mary Nally. Dublin : Brian O'Higgins, 68, Upper O'Connell Street. 94 pages.

It is encouraging to find that Miss Nally's book of poems has gone to a Second Impression. Her Muse is a delicate and tender one, yet it finds inspiration in the most widely separated themes. Possibly, were we to seek the spring, whence the stream of Miss Nally's verse takes its origin, we would find it in the homely smaller things of life. As she herself well puts it :

" The little things in life are sweet,
The velvet of a baby's hand,
The light upon a thrush's wing,
The sunshine o'er the dappled land."

Hence, these poems, though they never rise to the Olympian heights, are pleasant to the fancy and a delight to read. There is many a memorable line and quotable verse to appeal to every taste. Nationality, Nature, Religion, Friendship—around these four main points the majority of these poems may be grouped. The reader will find himself turning back more than once to read and re-read a poem which catches the mood of the moment. There is humour too, to be found here and there, as for example in " A Book Lover's Plaint " concerning volumes he has lost to " borrowers." This slim book is one which will give joy and pleasure at every chance reading—and with that a poet may well be content.

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THE PASSION FOR THE PEOPLE. Translated from the Italian of Fr. Luigi, C.P. By Rev. Fr. Martin, C.P. London : Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 180 pages. **1s. 6d.**

Now published by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., this book on the Passion, which gained such a well-merited popularity on its first appearance a year ago, has reached a Second Edition. Enlarged by the addition of the " Stations of the Cross," and produced with a more durable binding, the book is excellent value for the modest sum of eighteen pence. For the rest we can but repeat what we said on the book's first appearance : " this book is sure to appeal to that very large number of folk who have neither time nor inclination for studying the massive volumes of specialists, but who would like to know more about the Passion of Our Lord." There are one hundred and forty-two meditations, grouped in chronological order ; whilst the spirit of the original has been well preserved in the translation.

Neaḋ na Gaeḋilge

"Tar ċuġam amáireaċ"

(Ar leanúint)

"Stad go fóil" ars' an doċtúir, "ó táimis i n-aon ċor, agus inis dom cá bfaiġir Gaeluinn ceart le foġluim muna bfoġlumair í as an leabar so nó a' leabar éigin mar é?"

Do stadas. "Féaċ, a doċtúir," arsa mise, "bí Gréigis áluinn, uasal ag Demostenes." "Bí gan amras," as seisean. "Cá bfuair sé í?" arsa mise. "Bí sí i mbéalaiḃ na ndaoine go léir a bí 'na timpal," ar seisean. "Cá bfuair na daoine sin í?" arsa mise. "Fuaradar ó n-a sínsear í," ar seisean. "Ar bféidir do Demostenes an Gréigis sin a fuair sé ó n-a sínsear d'fáġail ar aon ċuma eile? Dá mba ná faġaḋ sé ó n-a sínsear í an bféadfaḋ sé í sgrí amaċ as a ċeann féin?" Nior ṫuig sé aon freagra orm. "Tá fios agat go dian maiṫ ná féadfaḋ" arsa mise. "Agus measfá-sa a ċur 'na luiġe orm-sa gur féidir duit anois, amaċ as do ċeann féin, an Gaeluinn do ċumaḋ agus do sgrí díreaċ mar a beaḋ sí aguinn anso i nÉirinn anois dá mbeaḋ ár sínsear, sa n-oiléan so na nÉireann, ag déanaṁ a ngnóṫí náisiúnḋa go léir as Gaeluinn le cúig ċéad bliain, nó le míle bliain, fé mar a bí an náisiún san na nGréagaċ ag déanaṁ a ngnóṫí náisiúnḋa go léir as Gréigis ar feaḋ míle bliain sar ar ruġaḋ Demostenes."

"Ó stad, a mic ó" ar seisean, "agus bain uait féin beaġán. Tá an iomaḋ duinne fút, an iomaḋ ar fad. Dá mbeaḋ an Gréig fé annsmaċt iasaċta ar feaḋ míle bliain sar ar ruġaḋ Demostenes agus gan aon ċaoi ag na Gréagaiġ ar a geaṁt do ṡaoṫrú, an mbeaḋ sí uasal i mbéal Demostenes? Dá mbeaḋ sí 'na ceiṫre saiġseanaiḃ tuiṫiṫe as a ċéile cá mbeaḋ an uaisleaċt caiṁte le fáġail a bí i mbéal Demostenes?"

"Tá dearṁad ort, a doċtúir," arsa mise, "dearṁad mór. Bí ceiṫre ṡaiġseana Gréigise sa Gréig le linn Demostenes, díreaċ mar atá ceiṫre ṡaiġseana Gaeluinne i nÉirinn anois. Agus Gréigis uasal ab eaḋ an uile ṡaġas des na ceiṫre ṡaiġseanaiḃ sin, díreaċ mar is fíor gur Gaeluinn uasal an uile ṡaġas des na ceiṫre ṡaiġseanaiḃ Gaeluinne atá i nÉirinn aguinn. Admuiġim go bfuil an uaisleaċt ag imteaċt le deirinaiġe as na ceiṫre ṡaiġseanaiḃ Gaeluinne. Táid siad go léir uasal go maiṫ fós i mbéalaiḃ ár seana ċainteóirí. Aċ siḃ-se atá, dar liḃ, ag sgrí na Gaeluinne uaisle, amaċ as an áit ná fuil sí, siḃ-se atá ag marḃú na Gaeluinne go léir. Siḃ-se an náṁaid is measa atá aici." "Agus cogar," as seisean, agus mé ag imteaċt, "cá dtabarfir aġaiḋ anois ċun Gaeluinne d'foġluim?"

"Tar ċuġam amáireaċ, a doċtúir," arsa mise, agus d'fáġas ansan é.

(A ċríoċ).

Muiris na Móna.

The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

MAYTIME ! What a world of beauty and fragrance and magic the very word recalls. Maytime ! Our hearts leap with joy to welcome this lovely month, shimmering and beautiful with blossoms, snowy white and delicate pink, chestnut and apple flower and hawthorn. It would seem as if all nature gathered together the most tender beauties to fill this month in honour of Our Lady, Queen of Heaven and earth. The very breezes sing her praises as they steal in and out amongst the soft, young foliage, while the lambs leap joyously by the meadow lands and youth and age taste of the sweetness of life as they call to Mary in the Holy Rosary for grace and strength to do God's will, and to follow in the footsteps of her, His glorious Mother, who is our life, our sweetness and our hope.

MY POST BAG.

What a fine bundle of letters has come to me this month ! It is, indeed, heartening to find that *Francis* still lives in the memories of his old friends. Most of the letters this time are from friends of long standing. As the years pass they cling all the closer to the Guild, and say that the sunshine of Gabriel's corner ever lingers round them. No wonder our dear, young Patron, St. Gabriel, watches them with loving care, and keeps them under his mantle so that they can never wander far without returning to *Francis*. It was an immense pleasure to hear from our dear, old friend, JOSEPHINE BENNETT again. Her heart is always with the Guild and she takes the keenest interest in our doings. I hope everything is well with you now, Josephine, and that God will give you and yours a full share of happiness, and all the desires of your heart. Now that the Spring has come with its flowers and beauties I hope you may find inspiration to send us a little song to gladden us. God has gifted you with many beautiful thoughts, and I hope you will use them to the fullest extent for the furtherance of His glory, and that of His Blessed Mother. Think how much good can be done by the pen, and write as many lovely verses as you can.

From Wild Donegal.

Another old friend who slips in for a chat is MARY V. MCLOUGHLIN, all the way from the hills and glens of Donegal. I was sorry to hear of the accident, and hope all is well now. You have had a fine feast of reading, Mary, and what is more absorbing and uplifting than the history of our own dear island of sorrow ? I agree with all you have to say : my view of things is the same. Still, we can only hope that the olden spirit will blaze forth again, and that the youth of to-day will carry on the great work of those who have gone before, until we reach the goal of our desires. I rejoice to find you have the true spirit burning brightly within your heart. Every good wish and prayer for your success, dear little *cailin*. May you carry off the trophy at the Feis. Many thanks to HUBERT and ITA BRISCOE for their lovely Easter cards and greetings. They never forget *Francis* at any festive season. May joy come tumbling into them every day and keep sorrow afar off. I trust you have received your prize by this, EITHNE MARRON, and that it has fully recompensed you for the long abstinence from

IMPORTANT.

(1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.

(2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrols Five new members.

(3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER ; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.

(4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

reading. Self-sacrifice is strength and help. Sister Gabriel Philips of Nazareth House is showing her gratitude to Saint Gabriel for the many favours he has granted her by having a large picture of our Patron placed in the Junior Boys' schoolroom. I feel sure our dear St. Gabriel will reward her abundantly, and bring a shower of blessings to her boys in their studies. If only all schools would imitate Sister Gabriel Philip's example what a splendid increase of devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows would result, and what a host of spiritual and temporal favours would follow! We honour God when we honour His saints. A "private" little letter all to myself comes from MARY MCANDREW. I am sure you had a wonderful time when our dear Editor visited your school at Glasnevin. Are you coming to the May processions at Mount Argus, Mary? Surely you would not miss them. Mount Argus will be looking its best then with the trees in full leaf, and the flowers dancing in the sunlight. Many thanks go to PAT and MARY PALMER for delightful Easter card. *Francis* is on tip-toe watching for their promised letter.

A Happy Prize-Winner.

A charming letter comes from VERA MURPHY, and it tells how elated she is over her prize-winning. "I have just finished *Journey to Rome*," she says. "It was wonderful. I lived it, not read it. Oh, it was great, and I thank you very, very much for it. How you guess the kind of book I like I do not know. I am going to lend it to a nun friend. When I grow older, and am no longer a member of your happy Guild, I will have your wonderful books as lasting remembrances of the happy days that were." Does not such a beautiful appreciation lift one's heart high, and make one wish one had sacks of books for the Guild members? You are a splendid, little worker, MARGARET ROCHE, to get so many subscribers for *The Cross*. You are doing a work of Catholic action in spreading good literature, and will surely merit many blessings and graces. SHEILA MCMAHON remembers us with a very chaste and lovely card. Thanks, dear Sheila. I shall be expecting to hear of your success one day soon. We are glad to receive UNA CONLON of *The Cross and Passion College, Ballycastle*. Thanks for her letter and good wishes. That is great news you have to tell, JOSEPHINE MCLAUGHLIN, and I congratulate you all on your fine display at the General Inspection. I hope to have a long letter from you soon again. The quotations sent by the pupils of *The Cross and Passion College, Kilcullen*, are all so fine and of such a high standard it is difficult to select the best.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "Our Lady, Queen of the May" the prize is awarded to BRENDAN NEEDHAM, *St. Nathy's College, Ballaghadereen, Co. Roscommon.*

In the competition for the best six quotations, in prose or verse, relating to Our Lady, the prize goes to: SHEILA O'CONNELL, *Cross and Passion College, Kilcullen.*

In the competition for the best essay on "My Favourite Book" the prize is awarded to MARY MCANDREW, 42 *Finglas Road, Old Glasnevin, Dublin.*

JUNE COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Most Interesting Places I have Seen."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best painting entitled "Summer."

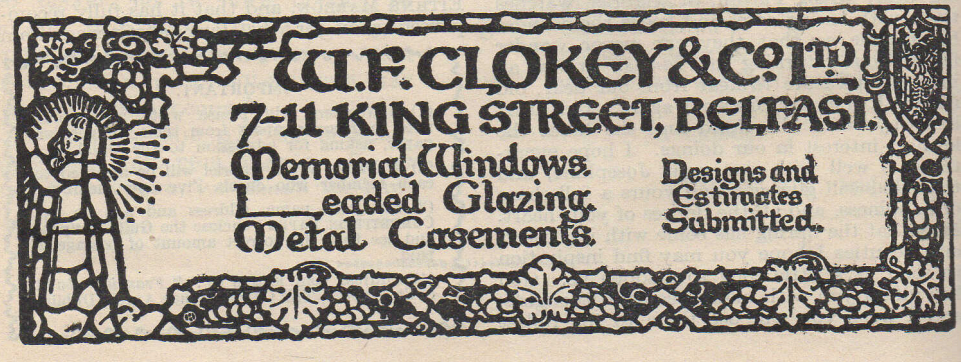
FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "Why I love the Sacred Heart."

SEND BEFORE MAY 10TH.

Do your friends read THE CROSS? If you show them a copy you will be conferring a favour upon them and us. Thank you!

St. Gabriel's Guild

COUPON MAY, 1936



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PASSIONIST ALMANAC

JUNE 1936

DATE		FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1	Mon.	2nd day in Octave of Pentecost.	
2	Tues.	3rd day in Octave of Pentecost.	
3	Wed.	4th day in Octave of Pentecost.	
4	Thurs.	5th day in Octave of Pentecost.	Conf. Thomas (Murphy), C.P.—1886.
5	Fri.	6th day in Octave of Pentecost.	
6	Sat.	7th day in Octave of Pentecost.	
7	SUN.	✠THE BLESSED TRINITY.	Bro. Pius (Ward), C.P.—1909.
8	Mon.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Gregory (Byrne), C.P.—1934.
9	Tues.	SS. Primus and Felician, MM.	
10	Wed.	St. Margaret, Queen, W.	Rev. Fr. George (Martucci), C.P.—1883.
11	Thurs.	✠CORPUS CHRISTI. H.O.	
12	Fri.	2nd day in Octave of Corpus Christ.	Conf. Joseph (Bannon), C.P.—1882.
13	Sat.	3rd day in Octave of Corpus Christi.	Rev. Fr. Edmund (McIntyre), C.P.—1921.
14	SUN.	✠SUNDAY IN OCTAVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI.	
15	Mon.	5th day in Octave of Corpus Christi.	Rev. Fr. Damian (Arnold), C.P.—1914.
16	Tues.	6th day in Octave of Corpus Christi.	
17	Wed.	7th day in Octave of Corpus Christi.	
18	Thurs.	Octave of Corpus Christi.	Rev. Fr. Fabian (Madden), C.P.—1918.
19	Fri.	THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.	Bro. Austin (Wills), C.P.—1923.
20	Sat.	THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY.	
21	SUN.	✠3rd SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Rev. Fr. Sylvester (McManus), C.P.—1902.
22	Mon.	St. Paulinus, B.C.	Rev. Fr. Frederick (Heffernan), C.P.—1911.
23	Tues.	Vigil of St. John the Baptist.	Conf. Denis (Pearson), C.P.—1888.
24	Wed.	NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.	
25	Thurs.	St. William, Abbot.	Conf. Henry (Conery), C.P.—1890.
26	Fri.	Octave of the Sacred Heart.	
27	Sat.	4th day in Octave of St. John the Baptist.	Rev. Fr. Louis (Irwin), C.P.—1904.
28	SUN.	✠4th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
29	Mon.	✠SS. PETER AND PAUL, APP. H.O.	
30	Tues.	Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.	

Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor. M.—Martyr.

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